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THE
NATION

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Purging the G. O. P.
HOWARD L. REITER

Conversations in Greece
What They Say About the Colonels **Thomas W. Pew, Jr.**

THE MYTH OF ECSTATIC COMMUNITY
Reich's *'Greening of America'*
EMILE CAPOUYA

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LETTERS

making them move

Nashville, Tenn.

DEAR SIRS: Among the many fine articles you have published lately I find "Politics by Other Means" by Hazel Henderson [Dec. 14] outstanding. It is packed with evidence that a New Politics aimed at making the corporations move responsibly is coming up from below.

D. F. Fleming

Church tax

Beltsville, Md.

DEAR SIRS: Thanks for running John M. Swomley's excellent "Who Wants Catholic Schools?" [Dec. 14] on the campaign to force all taxpayers to help support selective sectarian schools. Liberals need to reaffirm our traditional opposition to any movement to weaken public education, church-state separation, and the right of every citizen not to be forced to contribute to the support of any sectarian institution.

The recently released *Statistical Report on Catholic Elementary and Secondary Schools* shows that Catholic schools, which enroll 85 per cent of the pupils not in public schools, have an enrollment which is 97 per cent Catholic and only 4.8 per cent black (compared to a public school enrollment which is well mixed religiously and at least 14.5 per cent black). Parochiaid—tax aid for parochial schools—can only be a tremendously divisive force and can only worsen urban public school racial imbalance.

Edd Doerr

thanks

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Reading Robert Hatch's review of *Husbands* [*The Nation*, Nov. 30] reminded me of my intention—formed after reading his review of *The Rise of Louis XIV* [*The Nation*, Aug. 31]—to express my appreciation of the high quality of his film criticism. With respect to both substance and style, he seems to me to be the foremost movie critic in this country and—from what I have read—in England, as well.

Evelyn Raskin

museum gauntlet

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I recently visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City to see the much acclaimed "Before Cortez" exhibition. This showing should not be missed. However, be prepared to be frustrated and bamboozled by the Met's new gimmick for viewing this exhibition. There are prominent signs announcing that a voluntary contribution will be appreciated and manned booths are available for this purpose. But if you want merely to have lunch in the museum's restaurant, you will find it impossible to go through until you have made your contribution, received a button and a card which will give you access to the restaurant. I paid my $1 (which the sign recommends as a decent fee) and not until later did I discover that the access to the exhibition had nothing to do with the entrance to the restaurant.

Outside the museum young pickets are carrying signs which say "Keep the Museum Free" and suggest that a 1¢ contribution would be sufficient. After many years of visiting the museum and enjoying free concerts and its treasures, I must say that I think the museum has handled this situation in a highhanded and certainly a coercive manner. Where are the good old days when money was scarce but culture was abundant?

Pearl Garfield

EDITORIALS

Scenario for '72

Produced and directed by Herbert Klein, starring Richard M. Nixon and four amiable network commentators in supporting roles, presented on prime time on all networks, "A Conversation with the President" was well worth watching. It was undeniably more viewable than the programs it displaced. The absence of commercials was refreshing. Of course the entire hour-long program was a political commercial for the renomination and re-election of the President, but better a continuous commercial than those irritating interruptions.

The commentators were thoroughly cooperative. Seated with the President in the library of the White House, they had to be journalists on good behavior. If the questioning left much to be desired, the fault was not theirs but in the format itself. The format provided the President with a splendid opportunity to present his "game plan" for 1972: he will take the high road—that is, for this year. He hopes to wind down the war, control inflation and reduce unemployment. No new taxes. No tax reform. No wage and price controls. If enacted, the Family Assistance Plan should please some Negroes. There will be an "expansionary budget." Some revenue will be shared with states and cities. A limited arms agreement will, hopefully, be negotiated with the Soviets, and tensions in the Middle East will be kept from exploding in all-out war. If the game plan works, then Mr. Nixon will be in a position to accent "the lift of a driving dream," a nifty phrase that he tossed out during the 1968 campaign.

While there were more "ifs" in the President's presentation than in Kipling's poem, it was a neatly packaged commercial and came off well as television entertainment. It is always instructive to watch the President on television. For one thing, his mannerisms are more obvious and can be studied to better advantage than when he is off camera. The smiles are invariably mechanical, the "little jokes" are never really funny, the politeness is laid on as though it were pancake make-up. One can almost see and hear the wheels turning; there is never much doubt what he is up to at any particular time. But there was a surreal quality about this particular conversation. The morning papers on January 3 carried stories of air strikes in strength by B-52 bombers, each carrying 30 tons of bombs, accompanied by 300 smaller fighter-bomber aircraft, directed at supply lines in Laos and Cambodia. These morning headlines kept intruding, in subliminal fashion, as the President spoke of peace. He would have us believe that a new naval power has emerged in Asia—that of South Vietnam, which has now taken over from the U.S. Navy. In fact he almost managed to imply that the U.S. Fleet had withdrawn from those waters.

When pressed for a statement of what he might do if the enemy does not respond as the game plan assumes, he declined specific comment. The conversation was in no sense a press conference—the press as such was not represented—but it served the limited purpose of giving the public an overall view of the President's script for 1972. Politically it is a clever script, but whether it will play

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ell depends not merely on all those "ifs" but also on ictors which the President does not control. So in the ew journalistic mode of scenario writing, it is worth while o consider an alternative script.

* * *

Any President, Mr. Nixon included, is, as Stewart Alsop oints out, "captive of the national situation." But the ational situation is not defined by the general public; ather it is shaped by the dominant social-economic-politi-al forces in the society. To illustrate: the central question n which the war turns is, to quote Stuart Loory: "Has Mr. Nixon, in any significant way, changed the goal of the J.S. involvement in Vietnam from that of the former dministration?" The answer would seem to be that despite he new Asian policy and Vietnamization the basic hrust of U.S. policy remains unchanged. Less direct in-olvement of U.S. combat troops, a lower profile, cooler old-war rhetoric, a greater use of mercenaries and other nodifications, do not imply a change in the "big game lan."

Implicit in the evolving "national situation" is the possi-ility, noted by several columnists, that we may have ntered the era of "one term Presidents." President John-on tried to wind up the war by escalation and was forced o retire. President Nixon had a plan to end the war. Vietnamization has bought a two-year extension for the overall policy, which while bankrupt has not been aban-doned by any means. If Vietnamization does not work, President Nixon may have to retire for the same reason that President Johnson withdrew, that is, *to save the policy* for the benefit of those forces who have a vested interest in it and would stand to lose if it were to be abandoned or fundamentally changed. This does not imply that a group of power brokers would assemble in some out-of-the-way spot, reach a decision, and then pass the word along to Mr. Nixon. Nor would adverse polls alone induce the President to withdraw. The decision would be deter-mined by "the national situation" as in the case of Presi-dent Johnson in 1968.

The Nation was one of the first publications to suggest that President Johnson might not seek re-election. At this date, we are by no means convinced that President Nixon will be forced to reach the same decision. The "national situation" is different. But some interesting signs are float-ing about: for example, Governor Cahill's suggestion that the President may not run. Former Governor Kirk senses the same possibility. Rep. Paul ("Pete") McCloskey (R., Calif.) has said that he might not support Nixon in 1972, and the way he said it implied that he just might enter the California primary as a test of sentiment. There is "talk" at Republican gatherings of the possibility of a "dump Nixon" movement. Mayor John Lindsay's staff is studying the twenty or so states that will schedule primaries. John Gardner's Common Cause organization is tooling up for some kind of action in 1972. The new voters will be a factor. Much can happen. Such signs, however faint, should be recorded if only because the possibility they suggest stimulates interesting speculation.

The Republicans now have, of course, a real option. Governor Rockefeller has just won an unprecedented fourth term by a record plurality against a Democrat who,

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THE NATION

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if politically inept, was certainly a candidate with impressive credentials. The Governor's problem has always been to win the nomination. In our view he could have been elected President in 1960 or in 1968 if he had been able to win the nomination. It is still his major problem. But if Nixon withdrew, with whom could the Republicans do better than with Rockefeller? His commitment to present military and foreign policies cannot be questioned. He is today, as he has always been, a cold warrior. But he is an excellent candidate, he has a fine staff, and he has money. He is also a good administrator. His standing with Negroes and other minorities is high indeed. Despite the feud with Mayor Lindsay, he stands well with the liberal wing of the party. On domestic issues he can and does claim to have been a progressive-innovative governor. He enjoys a higher regard among the other Republican governors than the President. He has excellent labor connections. He would appeal to voters in states which the Republicans would need to carry if Wallace again picks up forty-six Southern electoral votes.

Also Rockefeller has begun to assume the leadership of states and localities in their struggle for revenue sharing, as the situation increasingly involves the states as well as the cities. A Rockefeller-Reagan ticket—East-West, "balanced," moderate-reactionary, two charmers—might be just what would be needed by the Republicans to preserve the continuity of existing national policies. The threat that Rockefeller would pose to the Democrats is suggested by the disclosure that Senator Humphrey tried to get him as a running mate in 1968. And there is no doubt (see the Governor's recent interview with Jerome Wilson of CBS and Wilson's commentary of December 30) that the Governor is available, in fact very available. Of course he has said and must continue to say that he expects President Nixon to be renominated and that he will support him. It would be disastrous to pursue any other tactic. The Governor must also resist, as he has, the temptation to quarrel with Agnew. In brief, he cannot seek the nomination but he may well be the answer to the Republican problem in 1972.

But if the continuity of present policies is endangered by "the national situation," as it well may be in 1972, then those who want to see those policies continued will also want to have a veto on the Democratic nominees. Obviously it is dangerous for these elements to place all their political eggs in one basket, whether Democratic or Republican. So, not surprisingly, Sen. Henry Jackson has entered the lists. Up to now most of those mentioned for the Democratic nomination have been doves, and the military-foreign policy Establishment would not want to risk a situation in which, for example, both Democratic nominees were doves who were disenchanted with existing policies. No doubt Senator Jackson has several objectives in mind: to win the nomination for President or Vice President but in any case to exert a strong influence on Democratic policies. Could a Muskie-Jackson ticket prevail against a Rockefeller-Reagan ticket? How much difference would there be on basic policies? If these should be the respective tickets of the two major parties, then what would independents, radicals, and the generally disaffected have to lose if they launched a Fourth Party and nominated, by way of illustration, Eugene McCarthy and Ralph Nader? *Time* assures us that McCarthy is "slippin off into sly oblivion"; we doubt it. A scenario of the kin we have written would, should the fantasy become reality create the perfect setting for McCarthy's re-emergence It would also provide the ideal setup for a Fourth Party As Frederick Dutton, who was a key aide of Presiden Kennedy, has said: "in a four-party split, it (a fourt party) has the best chance in over a century." If Wallac got 10 per cent of the vote, and if Democrats and Republicans split 65 per cent of it, then a fourth-party ticket tha polled around 40 per cent would be in real contention Such a party, as Dutton points out, just might "harnes the volatility of the new culture and communication modes and have more than a fourth of the electorate' by 1972.

Of course all the foregoing is extremely iffy—as full o "ifs" as the President's script; but in addition it has one major catch: *if Nixon withdraws*. If he does not, then th desire to vote against him may well blind voters to an shortcomings of the Democratic nominees. But at the same time if Nixon runs it will confront the military-foreign policy Establishment with a real danger: the Democrats just might nominate candidates both of whom stood for a reversal or radical modification of present policies. Because Nixon may be forced to withdraw, Democrats should be very chary about building Senator Muskie up as the front runner. The more he feels he is in front of the others, the more likely he will be to fudge on issues and "balance the ticket," as by taking on Senator Jackson as a running mate—Maine and Washington, Down East and Out West, a somewhat dovish hawk and an all-out hawk. But the fun in script writing stops at the prospect of such a nightmarish finale. Scenario terminated.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

The Scientists' Dilemma

The disorder at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was predictable. One incendiary factor was the choice of Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, as president-elect of the Association. Dr. Seaborg's qualifications as a scientist are not in question, but the AEC is hardly an organization to gladden the hearts of socially minded young scientists, and earlier clashes at meetings of such decorous societies as the American Historical Association, the American Medical Association, the American Psychiatric Association and the American Political Science Association should have given early warning of trouble ahead. The 530-member AAAS governing council, which elected Seaborg, showed little political wisdom in its decision. They have damaged AAAS and Seaborg himself. One could go further: they have damaged the whole scientific community by this single act.

The votaries of science are a highly vulnerable body. The public has little understanding of science; few laymen can differentiate between science and engineering, as one example. Most popular science journalism is concerned with medical news. The "News and Comment" section of *Science*, the AAAS magazine, is well-researched and generally enlightening, but it does not reach the general public. The circulation of *Scientific American* is large but not

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arge enough. The more reason, then, for caution and foresight in the political sphere by those who run AAAS and, it may be added, the various engineering societies, each of which publishes its own magazine and holds its own meetings, with no central organization to speak authoritatively for the profession as a whole.

If the older and more conservative AAAS members did not distinguish themselves in the fracases at Chicago, the small minority of activists did even worse. Scientists and Engineers for Social and Political Action (SESPA) have a useful role to play. They might pattern themselves after the twenty-five-year-old Society for Social Responsibility in Science, whose annual meetings at universities are orderly and persuasive in what SESPA calls "science for the people." The SESPA protesters did have some hard luck, however, which led to their showing their worst side. Apparently they were going to confine themselves to displaying signs pinpointing weaknesses in Teller's prepared speech which, because of the disturbances, he decided not to read. Teller, who has been dubbed "the father of the hydrogen bomb" by label-inventing journalists and who has an almost pathological fear of the Russians, got into a stupid wrangle with his opponents, who failed to realize that this time he had a few sensible things to say. He inveighed against secrecy in science and told the story of how he, "Dr. Strangelove" to the New Left, had permitted the late Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer to talk him out of leading a petition against use of the A-bomb. The activists should have given Teller a chance to show that he is not incapable of change.

Aside from these ructions, there are basic questions regarding the role of science in modern life that must be speedily resolved. Dr. Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, the discoverer of Vitamin C, one of the greatest, and surely one of the wisest, of scientists, has pointed out that not a single scientist is a member of the Congress in either house. The organization of governmental action in the field of science is a shambles. The National Science Foundation plays only a secondary role in deciding priorities and distribution of funds. At present, with respect to *approved* projects, NSF is financing only about 50 per cent of the grants that are allocated to scientists in liberal arts colleges, and financing these to only about 50 per cent of the amounts requested. It is systematically bypassed, where it should be in a position of authority.

The primary reason for this misshapen setup is that a group of top scientists and engineers working closely with government have used the Defense Department and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration as the principal sources of funds, thus tying scientific effort preponderantly to the war/space machine. One result has been to give science in general a bad name. Without knowing the reason, a sizable section of the public has thus grown hostile toward science in general, identifying it with war, pollution and every manner of evil. What is needed, in the interest of "science for the people," is a redirection of science, so that its benefits will outweigh its errors, and its errors can be corrected. Probably the best speech at the AAAS meeting was that of Stewart L. Udall, former Secretary of the Interior. He pointed out that the science establishment failed to alert the country to the coming environmental crisis, and urged Ralph Nader to organize a team of young scientists to make a "dispassionate and intensive study of the National Academy and the whole scientific enterprise in this country." Whether Nader undertakes this or not, it is one of the most sorely needed tasks of government today. What we need is better science and more socially responsible scientists, and stripping power from those apostates who have made much of science a tool of the military.

The Long Affair

The passionate love which flowed between the cigarette manufacturers and the networks came to an orgiastic end on December 31, 1970, or the following day, when the companies shot the works by way of a memorable splurge of cigarette puffery. It was like the day before Prohibition became the law of the land. But what followed Prohibition was even worse, and that we have seen the end of cigarette advertising, even on the networks, is extremely doubtful.

In the first place, there is much ambiguity about the barring of cigarette advertising from the air. If cigarettes are as harmful as the doctors say, why should advertising them be allowed at all? Even if the networks are no longer open for cigarette advertising, what about billboards, newspaper and magazine ads?

But the cigarette industry may still thrive on radio/TV. The proverb about more ways of skinning a cat is not lost on the cigarette industry and its advertising agencies. Already the companies are sponsoring programs that have obvious tie-ins with the cigarettes they manufacture. Liggett & Myers, for example, plans to back fourteen televised auto races around the country, putting up $400,000 in purse money. R. J. Reynolds will shell out $80,000 for a bowling tournament, named, to no one's surprise, the Winston-Salem Classic. American Brands is eyeing another dodge—promoting pipe tobacco in cigarette-size packs labeled Pall Mall, Tareyton and Silva Thins. The TV viewer will be reminded of the good old days and go to the drugstore for his favorite brand, not necessarily of pipe tobacco.

And litigation is in the offing. The whole advertising industry is menaced and is reacting accordingly. Six small radio stations have sought a permanent injunction against the cigarette ban, on the ground that it violates the First and Fifth Amendments. If they win, there goes the ban. If the ban is upheld, may not Ralph Nader, the apostle of truth in advertising, follow up on a broad front, raising troublesome questions about this and that product?

It is too early to rejoice. The love affair is far from over. As love laughs at locksmiths, it may laugh at the Surgeon General of the United States and other such bluenoses.

Court-Martial Jurisdiction

While the My Lai trials get the headlines, the Supreme Court is quietly considering the case of a Georgia soldier that also threatens the structure of the military justice system.

The GI, Isaiah Relford, was convicted almost ten years ago of raping an airman's wife and another soldier's young

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sister at Fort Dix, N.J. He was sentenced to thirty years at hard labor.

Now he is arguing that the Army had no right to try him. Rape, says Relford through a Denver attorney, Judson W. Detrick, is a civilian crime and he should have been handed over to civilian authorities—even though the attacks were committed on a military reservation.

The Court opened the door to this kind of argument in 1969 when it ruled, 5 to 3, that the Army lacked jurisdiction in the case of a sergeant charged in 1956 with attempted rape of a girl in a Honolulu hotel. Justice William O. Douglas wrote into the majority opinion some pointed comments about the shortcomings of military justice.

Since the crime was not "service-connected," Douglas said, the sergeant was entitled to trial in a civilian court fully bound by the U.S. Constitution. Moreover, Douglas observed, "history teaches that expansion of military discipline beyond its proper domain carries with it a threat to liberty."

Actually, the Court began to whittle away at the military's jurisdiction in 1955. Beginning then, a series of decisions put discharged servicemen, civilians who accompany the armed services abroad, and wives of military personnel beyond the reach of military courts.

The Relford case is the first real test of the military's jurisdiction over soldiers for on-base crimes and the first opportunity for the justices to define "service-connected."

The government appears worried. U.S. Solicitor General Erwin N. Griswold has taken personal charge of defending the military system. He has pleaded with the Court not to change things. He has cautioned that trying soldiers in civilian courts could jeopardize the military "mission" and weaken the authority of base commanders, who must deal with such crimes as drugs, bad checks and rape.

The Relford appeal does not challenge military authority overseas, where U.S. civilian courts are not available. But at home, where they are, the appeal insists that soldiers accused of at least some kinds of crime have a right to be tried in a court more interested in dispensing justice than in maintaining discipline.

Mask of Austerity

Washington

Shortly after taking office, President Nixon took the Defense Department's budget-making process out of the Pentagon (where it had rested during the Kennedy-Johnson days) and gave primary responsibility to the Bureau of the Budget. A RAND Corp. economist, James R. Schlesinger, was hired to keep an eye on defense spending, and almost forty budget civilians were assigned to help ride herd. The move was hailed widely, and one result was that defense spending began to decline.

Today, Schlesinger is still involved with the federal budget (he's now a part of the relatively new Office of Management and Budget, headed by George P. Shultz) but he's no longer in charge of Pentagon money matters. In a significant, little noticed change, Nixon has assigned primary responsibility to the new Defense Program Review Board. It is dominated by Henry A. Kissinger, Nixon's alter ego on foreign policy. One result is that defense spending for fiscal 1972, the year beginning next July 1 will go up, for the first time in three fiscal years.

The defense-spending projection now is being put at $75.5 billion, despite a supposed continued wind-down in Vietnam and announced plans to push more manpower reductions. (By the way, just before he retired, Ohio Senator Stephen M. Young noted that while the Pentagon trimmed its personnel rolls by 370,000 men since September 1968 there were only twenty fewer generals on the payroll—941 vs. 961.) For the present fiscal year, Nixon originally pegged defense spending at $71.8 billion (compared with $77.8 billion and $78.6 billion in the two previous years); but the projection has now risen to about $73 billion, pay raises and inflation being the chief reasons.

There is no good reason to believe that Kissinger, and the Defense Program Review Board members, will cave in fully to mounting pleas from the Pentagon that more billions are vital to refill pipelines depleted in Southeast Asia, to give the Navy nuclear-powered aircraft carriers the Army a new tank and a new battlefield air defense missile. The overall economic and budgetary outlook is bleak, and occupies the attention of all Administration officials, including the President. Austerity remains the public password. Nonetheless, the shift in overseeing the Pentagon's budget should not be minimized: after all, Kissinger's business to a considerable degree is defense as well as foreign policy and he can hardly be expected to be as hardnosed in evaluating military demands as was Schlesinger & Co.

The policy change is all the more surprising because Nixon has given the Office of Management and Budget very wide authority in all other budget and government management matters. In fact, Shultz is by some judgments becoming the second most powerful man in the Administration, so complete is Nixon's faith in him. In the budget-making decisions now going on within the government, Shultz's agency is top dog—except on defense. Previously, Cabinet officers argued their spending plans with the budget director, and if they couldn't agree the Cabinet officers pleaded their case directly with the President. No more. Cabinet department men take their case first to Caspar Weinberger, Shultz's deputy, and then Weinberger and Shultz carry their recommendations to Nixon. Cabinet officers still have the right to ask to see the President on budgets, but chances of their getting in to see him are relatively slim. Ditto for other department matters. When questions of policy or program arise, department officials are expected to consult with their designated assistant OMB director, not the President or even his non-OMB staffers. Little wonder, then, that some government watchers already are comparing the Cabinet with "a House of Lords." But big wonder that Kissinger, not Shultz, is top dog today on Pentagon money.

ROBERT W. DIETSCH

Merry Christmas!

On December 30, 1970, an explosion at the Finley No. 15 coal mine near Hyden, Ky., killed thirty-eight miners. On December 22 the mine was to have been checked by

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U.S. Bureau of Mines inspector. The reinspection had een scheduled because of five violations of the coal mine ealth and safety law which were discovered by a U.S. ureau of Mines inspector on November 19. If the ecember 22 recheck had been carried out, on schedule, r even if it had been delayed until after Christmas, it is ossible that the dangerous situation could have been otted in time, and the disaster averted.

Inspection of mines in this part of Kentucky is the reponsibility of a U.S. Bureau of Mines subdistrict office at arbourville, Ky., staffed by six men. On December 22, ne date of the scheduled reinspection, two of the six men ere on holiday leave. The next day three were on leave. n December 24 five of the six were on leave. On Decemer 28 four of the six were still celebrating Christmas. wo men still remained on leave the day before tragedy truck.

The violations found on November 19 included at least hree that were potentially disastrous. The level of respirble dust was about twice that permitted by law. Direct urrent electrical equipment was not properly grounded, nd the mine was lacking in employees qualified to test nd maintain this equipment.

Obviously the Barbourville subdistrict office was inadequately staffed. Everybody wants to celebrate Christmas, ut the thirty-eight men who died will not celebrate anyhing any more. The Bureau of Mines explains that the taff members who remained on duty were assigned to ther "high priority" work, such as inspection of ventilaion systems. The situation at Finley No. 15 and its conected mine, Finley No. 16, would seem to have rated a high priority, since it cost thirty-eight lives. The Department of the Interior, which supervises the Bureau of Mines, feebly explains that it suffers from a shortage of trained personnel.

Both the No. 15 and No. 16 Finley mines have been in difficulty before. In June 1970 an inspector ordered No. 15 closed because of "imminent danger" to the miners. It was allowed to resume operation three days later, when the violations were reported to have been corrected. The inspector reported that highly explosive coal dust had accumulated along train roadways and that electrical equipment was defective. One does not require mining expertise to understand that electrical equipment which may generate arcs (essentially electrical flames) in an explosive atmosphere is an invitation to disaster.

The inspector also found evidence of illegal smoking, but there seems to be no doubt that the miners were inadequately protected, and that they will continue to be exposed to intolerable risks. The new safety law calls for four yearly inspections where dangerous conditions have been more or less chronic. During fiscal 1971 the Bureau of Mines expects to reach only 85 per cent of this quota. After what has just happened, it is grotesque to think that full compliance will be further delayed.

The contrast between military requirements and the situation in the nation's coal mines is striking. When a general or admiral requests equipment, he rarely fails to get it, lest the safety of his men be jeopardized. Military pay is constantly increased so that the service may retain skilled personnel. The safety of miners seems to be a secondary consideration. The Bureau of Mines and its parent, the Department of the Interior, have been severely criticized by Congressional committees and representatives of the miners. President Nixon explained that he would have flown to the scene of the disaster had it not been for bad flying weather. What could he have done except to offer his condolences and show that his heart was in the right place? The fact that stands out above all others is that the death rate in the mines is a disgrace to the country, and the Bureau of Mines is in need of a thorough overhauling. Miners will continue to die unnecessarily as long as the Bureau is permitted to continue on its feckless way.

THE KUCHEL SYNDROME

PURGING THE GOP

HOWARD L. REITER

Mr. Reiter is a member of the National Governing Board of the Ripon Society and teaches at Harvard's Kennedy Institute of Politics.

"Grow up, conservatives," Barry Goldwater exhorted the 1960 Republican National Convention. "If we're going to take this party back some day—and I think we will—then let's get to work." The irony of the 1970 elections is that, while they occasioned a general failure of conservative Republicanism at the polls, they may have produced the party take-over that Goldwater urged.

There are two ways to assess the impact of the elections on the situation within the Republican Party. One is theoretical: have conservative blueprints for national realignment been followed by the electorate? Obviously not, for the Democrats not only gained in most areas but did so precisely where the Administration's Southern strategists had predicted GOP triumphs. Outside Tennessee, the Southern GOP is a disaster area, and the section of the country where Republicans scored by far their best performance was the Northeast. Only there did the GOP win most of the statewide races.

But the conservatives advanced, despite their drawing-board setbacks. How this happened can be seen by calling the roll of the Republican Governors, traditionally a liberal force in the party. This year, thirteen of them are retiring, and most of them—Cargo, Farrar, Knowles, LeVander, Rhodes, Winthrop Rockefeller, Shafer and Tiemann—stand to the Left on intraparty matters. The only new faces in the Republican Governors Association will be Dunn of Tennessee and Meskill of Connecti-

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cut, both pronounced conservatives. So the RGA has shifted to the Right.

In the Senate, Goodell, Murphy, Ralph Smith and John Williams are leaving: Beall, Brock, Buckley, Roth, Taft and Weicker are entering. That is a net gain of two conservatives—a slight shift, but to the Right. But where the Administration can really take heart is in the dramatic victories of the "four Bs"—Beall, Brock, Buckley and Harry Byrd. While the overall Administration box score was not impressive, those races were.

The most important event of 1970, as far as the Republican Party was concerned, was the White House excommunication of Charles Goodell. How other Republicans responded to this unprecedented maneuver reveals a good deal about the future of the party. The first sign of the assault on Goodell was a little-noted comment Vice President Agnew made in a speech he gave in San Diego on September 11. Agnew said, "In my view this fall, any candidate *of any party* who voices radical sentiments or who courts and enjoys the support of radical elements ought to be voted out of office by the American people." (*Emphasis added.*)

One prominent Republican who picked up that remark, and foresaw the onslaught to come, was Rep. Howard W. Robison of Owego, N. Y. On September 15, Robison, dean of the House Republican delegation from New York and a member of the Appropriations Committee, fired off a letter to Agnew, in which he "deplored" the "all-but-direct" attack on Goodell, and accused the Vice President of contributing to the "failure to have tried hard enough to understand one another, and to accommodate ourselves to our surface differences."

Robison's letter, which went unanswered, was remarkable for several reasons. One was its blunt tone; another, Robison's rank and prestige. His gesture was the bolder because of the conservatism of his upstate district—Buckley carried it handily in November—and because Vice President Agnew had not yet attacked Goodell directly.

Another early protester was ex-Gov. Robert E. Smylie of Idaho, a long-time protagonist of GOP liberalism. In his column in *The Intermountain Observer* (September 19), Smylie foresaw the attack on Goodell and called Agnew's rhetoric "some of the most vociferous in recent history," and "at least as tastily outrageous" as any for twenty years.

On September 30, the Vice President dropped the other shoe. In Minot, N. D., he denounced Goodell as a "radical-liberal" who "has left his party"; the next day, in Salt Lake City, Mr. Agnew declared that the New York Senator "has strayed beyond the point of no return."

That same day, GOP National Chairman Rogers Morton endorsed Goodell, and was dismissed by Agnew as a "mere party functionary." The gratuitous crack widened the already serious breach between the pragmatic politicians in the National Committee and the right-wing ideologues within the White House.

Goodell himself responded eloquently to Agnew's onslaught, likening the current period to the early 1950s, accusing Agnew of fostering "an atmosphere of fear and mistrust where disagreement is characterized as the first step toward betrayal," and calling for "a new Moratoriu . . . upon inflammatory and divisive rhetoric."

The following week, Agnew overstepped even h bounds by comparing Goodell's conservative-to-liber conversion to the sex-reversal experience of Christin Jorgensen. George L. Hinman, Nelson Rockefeller's ma on the National Committee, harshly rebuked Agnew i an October 8th telegram that concluded: "It is a matte of deepest regret . . . to have our proud banner s lightly dipped in filth against another Republican whos only offense is an independent view of the issues c life and death in our time." Rockefeller himself tele phoned John Mitchell, who disclaimed responsibility fo Agnew's actions.

Before the campaign was over no less than twenty-si of his fellow Republican Senators had come to the ai of Goodell. Their gestures ranged from statements de livered on the Senate floor in praise of their beleaguere colleague, to campaign tours in the Empire State. Thi group included all the leading GOP moderates—Aiken Brooke, Case, Cook, Cooper, Hatfield, Javits, Mathias Packwood, Percy, Saxbe, Schweiker and Scott. Mor notably, it also included a group of men who could no possibly be considered liberal—Allott, Baker, Bennett Boggs, Cotton, Dominick, Griffin, Hansen, Jordan Murphy, Pearson, Stevens and Milton Young.

Why did this group of conservatives support Goodell? They are not a particularly "liberal" group of conservatives: one voted against the ABM, two opposed Haynsworth, all supported Carswell and opposed Hatfield-McGovern. Perhaps the clue is that eight of the thirteen voted for Hugh Scott in his minority leadership fight against Howard Baker.

Conservatives who voted for Scott presumably felt that the party can tolerate its liberal, Northeastern wing. They favored Scott because his seniority far outstripped Baker's. Both tolerance for diversity within the party and a sense of institutional loyalty would influence them to support Goodell.

This suggests that the considerable Senatorial support for Goodell was not motivated exclusively by ideological considerations. An aide to one such pro-Goodell conservative confided, "The Senator helped Charlie because he likes him personally, and the Senator is big on party loyalty—but don't expect this to turn him against the Administration on any votes."

Even the moderates, it was clear, had come to praise Goodell, not to bury Agnew. True, there were a few harsh words: Edward Brooke, for example, employed "tasteless" and "intemperance" to describe the Vice President's remarks—and later regretted them. Mayor John Lindsay carried the attack to the President himself, saying, "This is one of the few campaigns in memory in which men apparently seek not merely to defeat their opponents but literally to eliminate them from public life."

More typical were the words of salty, tobacco-chewing Senator Saxbe of Ohio. To a crowd in Albany, he intoned: "Don't let it happen here. You're fighting not only for Charlie Goodell—you're fighting for the future of the Republican Party." Mark Hatfield's most direct comment

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bout Agnew was, "If we mold the Republican Party s the Vice President wants, this will not serve the in-ɛrests of the party or, indeed, the nation."

In short, the moderates, speaking along the lines of axbe and Hatfield, were content to defend Goodell and ıaunder about the good of the party. Only Goodell and .indsay, both castoffs of the Administration, directly at-ıcked the President and Vice President for their policies f exclusion.

This circumspection in the face of Agnew's challenge ; bound to lose the moderates strategic ground, for Goodell's defeat was not the final episode. The Ameri-an Conservative Union quotes Agnew as telling a group f New York businessmen: "The only good Republican s a conservative Republican." Ted Lewis, Washington ɔureau chief of the New York *Daily News,* predicts that he Administration "will make every effort to defeat Hat-ield, Brooke, Percy and Case in the 1972 party primaries

Boston Globe

"For Whom Goodell Tolls"

and supplant them with nominees supporting the Nixon-Agnew line."

What is the response of Congressional liberals to that naked sort of challenge? Even off the record, their aides are bullish. A typical reaction to the kind of threat that Lewis foresees is:

> Goodell was a special case. He was appointed, not elected; he was the only GOP liberal up in '70; and frankly, he was hurt by his style. Did he ever establish good relations with the county chairmen in New York? Did he ever try to be tactful when he disagreed with the President? No, he was more vulnerable than any of the others.
>
> Now, *my* boss isn't in that kind of trouble. Nixon needs Brooke, Case, Hatfield and Percy if he wants to carry their states in '72. He also needs them if he wants an opening to the left, to the kids, to blacks, to peace groups. He can't risk party battles in states like Illinois and New Jersey if he wants to win them. And who is he going to get to run? [Congressmen] Phil Crane [of Illinois] and Charlie Sandman [of New Jersey] did pretty lousy in the elections this year. No, they won't challenge us.

It is comforting to dismiss Goodell as a special case—special cases are the refuge of those who refuse to believe that it can happen here—but the rationalizations will not hold. First, White House strategists are far less likely to differentiate between Goodell and the others. Second, President Nixon made it clear, at least for 1970, how much he valued liaison with the young and the black. While he is not likely to force primary challenges on, say, Hatfield and Percy, the important question is how he would react if someone else were to initiate such a fight.

Imagine, for example, that Charles Percy, who has never been popular with the rank and file of the Illinois GOP, were facing a well-financed, right-wing challenger of the character of Philip Crane. Percy might be vulnerable to what GOP tacticians call the Kuchel Syndrome: a candidate finds himself in that spot when he is the party's strongest potential candidate in the general election but cannot win the primary.

Nixon's closest political advisers, Murray Chotiner and Harry Dent, would probably be delighted if Crane made a bid. Nixon has always been more afraid of alienating his right wing than his left. That was apparent at the Miami convention and in the subsequent campaign; and it explains much of his policy in Vietnam and at home. Fearing in 1972 a threat from the Right—perhaps from Reagan—the President might well abstain from endorsing Percy; Agnew, meanwhile, would make cooing sounds toward Crane, and Percy would go the way of Kuchel and Goodell.

Other primary possibilities are Sandman and unsuccessful Senate candidate Nelson Gross, opposing Clifford Case of New Jersey. In Oregon and Massachusetts, right wingers are starting campaign chests to defeat Hatfield and Brooke. Against Brooke, they may resort to a third party, running former state finance commissioner John McCarthy or cartoonist Al Capp. Both McCarthy and Capp were supported by White House strategists to run against Edward Kennedy last year; Charles Colson, a Bostonian on the White House staff, met with Capp after the election.

If the President is re-elected in 1972, White House strategists may have a tougher time in the off-year elections in 1974. Not that Javits, Mathias and Schweiker would be less vulnerable to primary challenges—all may suffer from the Kuchel Syndrome. But unlike the 1972 cohort, all of them are veterans of the House of Representatives and have a keen strategic sense. Much will depend on the fate of Brooke, Case, Hatfield and Percy in 1972.

The first indications of how tough the moderates are prepared to be will come in the new Congress. First, there might be a fight for the Senate Republican leadership. Expected challengers to Scott are Robert Dole of Kansas or Tennessee's Howard Baker. Both men are young, attractive, conservative and from "border" states. Dole has been diligent on the fried-chicken circuit, but lacks seniority. Baker may be dissuaded from the battle

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because he lost two earlier leadership fights, and three outs could end his inning as a potential Vice President.

Another sign will be the future of the Republican Senatorial Committee, whose chairman, John Tower, disbursed campaign funds in a decidedly conservative direction last year, and was accused of trying to coerce recipients into voting for Dole over Scott. Mark Hatfield led a successful challenge to Tower's methods, and now the Senate Republicans will elect a new chairman. (Tower, up for election in 1972, cannot stay in the post.)

Finally, the "Wednesday Group," which was formed not long ago by the Senate moderates, may prove to be a base for concerted action. But the group, unlike its namesake in the House, lacks a staff, and is plagued by the personalities of its members. In the words of one aide, "These guys are so independent that they get together only when one of them is threatened—and no longer than that."

Already, Percy and Hatfield have trimmed their sails, voting to uphold the President's campaign spending veto, and Hatfield rather extravagantly supported Agnew for renomination. Such antics will endear them neither to their liberal supporters nor to their right-wing detractors who are already plotting their political extinction.

Outside of Congress, the responsibilities accorded the new Republican National Chairman, Senator Dole, and the hostility of the Republican governors toward Mr. Agnew at Sun Valley are clues to the future. But with the notable exception of Oregon's Tom McCall, the most outspoken governors were lame ducks, and Agnew belligerently defended the strategy that had contributed to their defeats.

The resistance of Republican liberals to the conservative challenge is a matter of importance far beyond the party itself. There are Republicans, as well as Democrats, who would be glad to see GOP moderates become Democrats. A switch of that sort would leave one of our major parties, whose electoral performance has been considerably better than registration figures would suggest, in the hands of messianic right wingers whose pr gram for America is hardly conducive to freedom, pro ress, or even order. Moderates and liberals might th be content that they had made the American party sy tem ideologically coherent. But who would challenge Republican administration from within on the next Cai well fight, or the next HEW spending veto?

Perhaps most critical is the fact that Mr. Agnew ar the forces he represents will be stopped only by fello Republicans. That is the lesson of the McCarthy yeai Men like Fulbright, or Harriman or Ramsey Clark c inveigh against Agnew, and the battle remains partisa But when loyal Republicans like Margaret Chase Smi and Clifford Case take up the cudgel, as they did sixte years ago, voters who are attracted by the Vice Pres dent's philippics will understand that Agnew represen what sober individuals of both parties can unite agains

Other Republicans are taking their cues from the Vic President. In the October 19th edition of *Monday,* publication of the Republican National Committee, th better part of a page was devoted to an "exposé" Ohio Democratic Senate candidate Howard Metzenbaun In the late 1940s, it seems, Metzenbaum had had tanger tial associations with individuals and groups later ident fied by others as Communist. What is particularly inte esting about this crude throwback to the McCarthy er is the headline, which terms Metzenbaum's backgrounc not as "Communist-leaning" but as "radical-liberal." Suc is a national tone set by those elected to provide mor leadership.

It is therefore imperative for moderate Republican to stop equivocating and fight the threat head-on. Thos who fear for their political futures might recall tha Republicans who opposed Joe McCarthy proved as suc cessful in winning re-election as did those who supporte him. Political influence is, after all, intangible. Th bubble of a Joe McCarthy bursts with a vote of censure When liberal Republicans stand up to the Vice Presi dent, they will be the most effective line of defense fo their party and their nation. ⊏

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE COLONELS

CONVERSATIONS IN GREECE

THOMAS W. PEW, Jr.
Mr. Pew, editor and associate publisher of the Troy *(Ohio)* Daily News, *has made three trips to Greece since the military coup of April 21, 1967, to gather information and conduct the interviews for this article. His most recent visit was from September to December of 1970. The three trips to Greece since the military take-over were preceded by a one-year residence (1964-65) by the author and his wife, and by other trips to Greece that date back to the early sixties.*

Athens

At the Athens International airport my wife was subjected to a thorough body search. All women on the flight received the same treatment. Landing as we did soon after the multiple hijackings in the Middle East, we had grown accustomed to the strict security precautions that had begun in Dayton, Ohio, and increased in thoroughness as we approached Greece. But my wife and I were at first at a loss to understand this search of body and luggage in Athens, since we had deplaned and were not transferring to another flight.

It was too late, as far as we and the other passengers remaining in Athens were concerned, to hijack an airplane. It wasn't until several days later, when we were discussing the airport procedure with some Greeks, and after the events surrounding the visit of U.S. Secretary

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of Defense Melvin R. Laird, that the reason for the search became obvious.

The Greek authorities weren't looking for weapons or bombs bound for the Mideast; they were merely using this as a cover to look for weapons or bombs meant for local use. Why the women were particularly singled out is still not certain, but it's a good guess that somewhere back along the course, Greek security had received a tip that a woman was bringing something into Greece that would not be approved of by the colonels.

But as we had returned again to Greece to find out just what the Greek dictators do and do not approve (and there are items a lot milder than plastic explosives on their unapproved lists); and, in turn, to discover the extent to which the people approve or disapprove of the colonels, the airport experience was a good occasion to start asking our question: "What do you, as a Greek, think of the colonels?"

The first answer came from a professional man, who elaborated freely on the reasons for the opinion he expressed:

> Power has gone to their heads. Like a Greek dancing high on ouzo, they are so intoxicated by their position they hardly know what to do with the people they have absolute rule over.
>
> With all this trouble in the Middle East it suits the United States to keep these guys on here, and we find that an absolutely disgusting motive on the part of America. Can you blame us? They [the colonels] learned the tricks they used in the take-over from the American CIA and they learned and used them well.
>
> Now the United States military treat our dictators as though they are all brothers of the same "free world" military fraternity. These Greek brothers are celebrated as some of the boys who have really hit the big time. I mean, they have a whole country at their disposal, not just an army. Your own military people love them and admire them.
>
> You should have seen the reception the colonels got from the Sixth Fleet when it was here. The U.S. sailors, poor lads, were all dressed out on the decks of their ships, cheering our colonels—military men of Greece exemplifying what the good army life can lead to. God, what a farce it all is. Only for us Greeks it's beginning to wear a bit thin.

Just how thin the situation could wear was emphasized by the bomb blast that thundered through the Athens National Gardens on October 4, moments after Secretary Laird had laid a wreath at the tomb of Greece's Unknown Soldier a few hundred yards away. But the bomb blast aside, the Greek military junta has hardly been able to contain its glee over the visit by Laird and his traveling companion, Adm. Thomas Moorer, chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff. Laird is the highest ranking U.S. official so to honor the colonels since the take-over, and his coming to Greece is viewed by both the rulers and the people as the final stamp of American approval on the military dictatorship.

The degree of official satisfaction is best illustrated by a translation from the Athens newspaper, *Eleftheros Kosmos,* (Free World). Beneath the headline, "Laird: I represent Nixon," the story read: "Laird's arrival in Athens coincides with exceptional and possibly crucial ferment in the Mediterranean and the Middle East. . . . These anxieties were stressed by Laird. . . . It is significant that Laird finds Greece a true ally standing firm to its obligations, thanks to the insight of the revolutionary leadership."

Another Greek newspaper, the *Nea Politeia,* was even more blunt in describing the terms of the embrace between the two Pentagons (the Greeks have named the building housing their military establishment after its American counterpart): "U.S. leaders fully realize that a nation, however big and powerful it may be, cannot depend exclusively on itself and needs the cooperation and support of friends and allies, on whose frank cooperation and support it can count as long as its policy towards them is based on equality and avoids any unreasonable interference in their home affairs." "Interference in home affairs" is here obviously meant to read: just keep the arms and ammunition coming and leave your "unreasonable" democratic principles at home.

It is no wonder the colonels view the Laird visit with such complacency, since it came within a month after the United States announced that it would resume sales of heavy arms to Greece. The resumption had begun secretly months earlier between the Pentagons—one group of colonels to another, so to speak—and came to nearly twice as much military aid as was authorized by Congress. But now all of this is open and aboveboard and the Greek dictators even have the handshake of the highest military official in America, approving both the arms deal and their brand of government for Greece.

The man quoted above had these pointed remarks to make concerning the closeness of the American and Greek military establishments:

> We don't blame the United States for what happened here three years ago, but we do wonder these days who's responsible for America's friendly attitude toward these guys, and from our vantage point in Athens it looks suspiciously as if it's your own colonels and generals. [And now the Secretary of Defense in person.]
>
> I mean, what else can we think—all the military types from America who come over here and give speeches praising these characters and then get their smiling faces photographed with them. Frankly, it makes us a little sick. Still, you know, we're Greeks and we're always looking for hopeful signs. A little pressure by the United States would go a long way toward damping down the freedom these guys now enjoy with our freedoms.

Because of their provincial appearance and their unsophisticated opinions concerning domestic morals and international affairs, the skill the colonels display in keeping the country under close control—and, in all fairness, the social reforms they have instituted (that is part of their skill)—tends to be overlooked in the West. An Athenian who is fluent in several foreign languages and follows the affairs of his country in French and English newspapers and magazines (the *International Herald Tribune,* the *Manchester Guardian, Le Monde* and other "subversive" newspapers of America and Europe are sold openly in the kiosks of Athens and Salonika, though a Greek can't find an uncensored word in his own "cleansed" press),

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gives the colonels grudging credit for their ability to keep the country where they want it:

> The colonels have a lot of savvy as far as the Greek people are concerned. For instance, every Greek knew that the colonels wanted to get rid of the King. In fact, everyone in Greece knew it, except the King. Even the foreign press said in advance that the week of the King's coup would be a "decisive week" for Greece; you could buy foreign newspapers saying that right here in Athens.
>
> The colonels simply let the King set the trap for himself and then they let him flee when it closed and no one was in it. They did it to get rid of him, because if the King had stayed and refused to cooperate they would have had to soften their ways or force him to leave. And if they had forced him to leave, then he would have found real support in Greece, among Greek nationals living outside of the country, and among the people of other countries.
>
> I don't believe that Western newspaper men realize what a clever trick this was, and how well it illustrates the knowledge the colonels have of the people of Greece—how the people are controlled without being provoked to resistance. And the colonels have been even more clever in this sleight-of-king trick than you outsiders can imagine because the trick is still going on. While the King lives anonymously wherever he lives, fearful that the colonels will ban the monarchy altogether, they continue to use the monarchy for their own purposes, just as though the royal family were still in residence. They still keep him and his Queen for the sake of appearances. Look around you.

The truth of this statement is evident all over Greece. Around the parliament building the royal guards, decked out in the traditional uniform, still march; and in the post offices, police stations and even in the kafenions, tavernas and restaurants, King Constantine and his Anne-Marie smile down benignly from the wall—even though their presence is usually chaperoned by a picture of Colonel Papadopoulous staring at them from the opposite wall. The game of the official pictures reaches its climax in the tourist-police headquarters in Athens, where Papadopoulous is flanked on one side by Constantine and on the other by Jesus Christ. And the King still serves in his spiritual capacity in the Greek Orthodox Church, where his name continues to be called upon during religious ceremonies. The urban Greek who brought this use of the King to our attention says, "We think it's funny . . . in a sad sort of way, but funny nevertheless." But funny or sad, it is one of the techniques whereby the dictators grasp all real power while maintaining a sufficient appearance of even-handedness, not to excite feelings against them. In this respect, the colonels better understand the feelings and desires of the average Greek citizen than do other contemporary Greek leaders; they certainly excel the government that preceded them.

A Greek-born American newspaper man, Nichola Elias, who recently spent a year in Greece and publishe a piece on his observations in *The New York Time Magazine* has written: "The governments that ran Greec before the coup concentrated on developing and ex panding the cities, neglecting the villages on the theor that most Greeks were leaving them for metropolitan area anyway." A fact overlooked by other politicians but no by the colonels is that the number of Greeks living in the two big cities, Athens and Salonika, still is only 2.3 million of Greece's 8 million people. Elias notes that the junta has gone to some pains to please that majority:

¶"It accelerated programs of electrification and roac construction." An Athens paper reported on October 1 that electric energy production during July 1970 registered an increase of 12 per cent over the corresponding month in 1969, and now stands at 766,451,928 kw.

¶"It eliminated many of the professional door openers who split big fees with civil servants, as well as making extensive staff cuts that ended much featherbedding that used to be so common in Greece."

¶"It opened restricted businesses such as operating a taxi to anyone with the money or inclination to go into them."

¶"It instituted reforms in the Orthodox Church of Greece, which had been plagued by scandal and bitter fighting among bishops for appointments to the wealthiest sees."

¶"It even paved streets in such neighborhoods as Nikes and Kaisariani, which tended to vote Communist and were punished with poor public service as a result."

At the same time, the colonels have offered huge tax concessions to industrialists, particularly to Greek ship owners who had moved their headquarters to other shipping centers of the world. One conspicuous example of the success of this program was the return of millionaire John Carras and his merchant fleet from London to Piraeus.

These moves and others—mostly of benefit to the rural Greek—give the colonels the peculiar cast of being Socialist-Fascists (one recalls the early Mussolini). For some of those who keep quiet and who benefit, the reforms are an improvement over the state of affairs maintained by democratic-elite governments that preceded the junta, and the restrictions are apparently tolerable. As Geoffrey Moorhouse of the *Manchester Guardian* observed, most people who live outside the two big cities "support the regime" or at least maintain a "suspension of judgment on it."

In an interview with an American educator who has lived in Greece for many years, Elias found that "the closest analogy to the kind of people the colonels come from is the poor whites in America who support George Wallace." Because what little there is of overt political opposition is found in Athens, it is possible to forget the source of the colonels' popularity—the people of the countryside, the silent majority of Greece, who speak a lot louder in favor of today's reforms than an irate

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ntellectual or an occasional bomb blast in Athens speaks against them.

A taxi driver on the island of Kos, when questioned about the unusual number of brightly lit symbols of the ruling junta—an armed soldier with his bayonet fixed, silhouetted against the outline of a phoenix rising from flames—that decorate the island and even appear plastered garishly on the wall of the medieval castle that commands the entrance to the harbor, and even on the entrance to the plaza where Hippocrates' ancient plane tree stands, answered with honest enthusiasm: "It's beautiful, it's very beautiful."

Past governments in Athens have ruled at best by patronage, and in the end practically every democratic government has spun apart because of internal disputes and dishonesty. Although there are rumors of discord the colonels have so far managed to keep their differences to themselves. And although we also heard rumors of dishonesty, it is doubtful that these are spread by any except the most vigorous opponents of the government.

How long this will last is another question. Modern Greeks, like their ancient ancestors, have never exhibited an ability to get along together in government

Pierotti, Ben Roth Agency

"Don't You Recognize a Democracy When You See One?"

for an extended period of time, even when the governments were reasonably successful democracies. The only time in recent history when there has been anything like national unity for even a short period was when the Germans occupied the country. Ironically, the junta's symbol of the armed soldier and the phoenix comes about as close to being the perfect Fascist symbol as anything Europe has seen since the hated, thick, black-armed swastika of Nazi Germany flew over the Parthenon and Greeks risked their lives just to tear the flag down. Nevertheless, as W. G. Forrest has pointed out [*The Nation,* September 22, 1969], Greece seemed to be evolving toward something that resembled democratic government over the ten years prior to 1967, and there is reason to believe that they are "now capable of running a democratic government."

A Greek, with whom we discussed the entrenchment of the junta told us: "Now we'll have the colonels for at least a generation, unless the United States puts pressure on them to have elections, or unless some other military type throws them out. Of course if some general or other throws them out it could be worse than it is now." This man also doubted that the regime is as popular as some of our informants maintain, but it must be noted that he is an Athenian. A large part of the feeling against the colonels among urban, educated people stems not so much from what they have and have not done, or even from the fact that they are dictators, but from their class and origin. They are despised in the "smart" circles of Athens for the same provincialism that wins them favor in the country. This Greek went so far as to say: "My God, it would have been bad enough to have a military take-over by educated generals, but country colonels—it's an insult; it's embarrassing." The impression is something akin to the attitude of the Kennedy people toward the Johnson people following the assassination. But our friend who felt insulted by the colonels, also believes that in time the rural people will grow tired of the junta—for strictly Greek reasons. He explained:

> In the beginning I don't think that there was any doubt about the Greek popular support of the colonels. I'm sure that a majority of the Greeks wanted them rather than the corrupt parliament we had, which had become ridiculous. The colonels had absolutely no problem whatsoever in taking over, and all that stuff that was reported in the Western press about Greeks resisting in Athens and elsewhere was completely fabricated by either ignorant or dishonest reporters.
>
> Now, however, it's a different story. We all realize that the voters could have gotten rid of the parliament, but we'll never get rid of these fellows for years. The Greek people won't resort to revolution to throw them out because the colonels have all the arms and airplanes. And, besides, they still appeal to the Greek peasant. But let me tell you something about that too: Greek peasants are not fools. They'll accept the colonels, get all the reform and government support out of them they can and then turn against them as soon as the wind changes; turn right around and support whoever comes along next and can do something more to improve their lot.

This observer also told a story that, if true, shows the Greek genius for politics. "Rumor has it," he said, "that the colonels are planning to call for municipal elections next year; then, if all goes well for the candidates they put up, they will call for national elections. Already the Greek electorate is scheming by word of mouth to vote for the bastards the colonels put up for mayors, and then turn the colonels themselves out when they stand for election on the basis of the municipal success. The Greek people are very clever in this kind of scheming on a national scale. They could pull it off; and once

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the national election returns came in it wouldn't be easy for the colonels to deny them and throw out the election they had themselves initiated."

He thought that the colonels wouldn't get more than a fifth of the popular vote if elections were held today, but not because of anything they had done: "It's that peculiar Greek attitude—the people seem to be more bored with the colonels and their regime than anything else. A lot of people want them to go away, primarily for the sake of seeing what would come next."

But even though Athenians are inclined to think of themselves as all of Greece, the boredom expressed by this man and his friends toward the dictators isn't found in the countryside or the islands. This is not to say that Greeks are incapable of turning out a government just because they have grown tired of it; it is to say that as yet they don't appear nearly tired enough of this particular government to run the risks required to get rid of it.

Another peculiar force at work in the colonels' favor is that the average Greek citizen is patriotic to a degree almost unknown in other Western European countries, and certainly in the United States in this time of Vietnam. The modern Greek is entirely capable of defending something he finds odious just because it is Greek. A foreign reporter attempting to understand the present Greek situation must either know his commentator very well or be very diplomatic with his questions, if he is not to be put off by an answer that is phrased merely to exclude the prying of "the stranger."

The extreme to which patriotism can go is best illustrated by the experience of one Greek who had been tortured by the regime and who was later to testify before the Human Rights Commission hearing. He was briefed by an official of the regime who made the following straightforward summary: "You will now be given a chance to defend your country against its enemies. You must tell the commission judges that you have not been tortured, that in all respects you have been well treated. Remember, they are foreigners and you have a duty to defend your country in their eyes. Above all, you must tell the truth. Oh, we may have slapped you around a little, but that was different. That was among us Greeks."

And the torture issue itself must be gone into in order to understand how the Greek political mind works in today's situation. In the rest of the Western world, the regime's use of torture is the basic issue, but in Greece it isn't a major issue at all. Greeks are inclined to dismiss it with, "Oh, we've had torture before, it's nothing new. We had torturing under our democracies, too, you know." We were actually told this by a Greek who was otherwise concerned about many aspects of the junta's rule. There's a sort of tacit understanding that torture is the traditional way that one treats one's enemies—"what would they expect?" Elias notes, "although Scandinavians may be outraged by torture in the cradle of democracy, a surprising number of Greeks are not." And he recalls that a U.S. correspondent in Athens reminded him: "What most people outside don't realize is that Greece has been essentially a police state since 1936, when dictator Ioannis Metaxas built up very strong police and security forces."

By Greek standards of brutality to fellow Greeks, the numbers in prison (of the 6,000 jailed following the cou more than two-thirds have been released) and the numbe that appear to be subjected to some form of physic torture don't seem large. The dictators are probably en ploying exactly the number of midnight arrests, sho trials, prison sentences and torture to show the peopl who's boss, without outraging them to the point of doin something about it. It cannot be overemphasized that th colonels appear to have an incredibly accurate feeling fo what it takes to keep their dictatorship firmly in place.

Perhaps still another reason why torture does not pro voke more public protest is that in their recent political his tory the Greeks remember the German occupation and more, the political executions that were carried out amon disputing internal factions. Up to this point, the colonel have refrained from indulging in that particular Greel tradition. A Greek may reason that a man who has ha the bottom of his feet beaten may have suffered a grea deal of pain, but there is no permanent scar and prob ably no permanent injury and within ten days he car walk home to his family. It may be horrible, but the horro of it pales beside the memory of the free killing days o the Greek civil war of 1946-49, when the Communis guerrillas burned themselves into the Greek memory. Al told, 57,000 Greek civilians were killed by the guerrilla and more than 684,000 were driven from their homes in a country whose total population is less than that o metropolitan New York City. By contrast, the colonels and their methods of fighting resistance look mild. The colonels know that and use the threat of a Communist take-over to justify their own coup. One old villager told Elias: "I was here when the Communists came and I would rather have the junta for a hundred years than to have those bastards back for one day."

It should be noted, also, that the colonels weren't the only Greeks to use the phony threat of a Communist take-over three years ago. The Greek publisher, Mrs. Vlachos, who now tours the West making speeches about Greek freedom and democracy, was apparently as guilty as the colonels in fanning the false threat of communism in Greece through inflammatory editorials. A man in Athens who, along with thousands of others, lost his job when the new regime came into power, and who has remained unemployed ever since, said that the only thing people like Mrs. Vlachos disliked about the colonels' take-over was that it wasn't their own right-wing group of cronies who pulled it off. "But just because they weren't the ones to pull it off," he emphasized, "doesn't mean they are exonerated from the responsibility of creating a climate in which it could occur. I firmly believe that if we didn't have this group of dictators in power, we would have another. And what really burns up some Greeks is that people like Mrs. Vlachos go around in the rest of the world preaching about democracy, and when they are allowed to return to Greece they will come back as heroes of freedom and democracy, when, in reality, they are nothing of the kind, as any reader of their newspapers would know."

Still another reason why Greeks are reluctant to do anything drastic about the rule of the colonels is that in the past twenty years Greece has developed a middle class

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(and in the cities is moving toward a European life style). During the first half of the 20th century, Greece was occupied with wars, both civil and international. The years of fighting spilled a great deal of Greek blood and caused an even greater amount of suffering and privation. Practically all material welfare was curtailed and in some instances even declined. The German occupation of Greece, often passed over quickly in World War II histories, was particularly brutal, and when the Germans finally pulled out they did their best to make their destruction permanent.

These are the facts of recent history that the modern Greek must draw upon when he makes up his mind about the colonels, and in the end we found one recurring opinion among the Greeks we interviewed, and it came in one guise or another from both supporters and its foes: "After all, it could be worse."

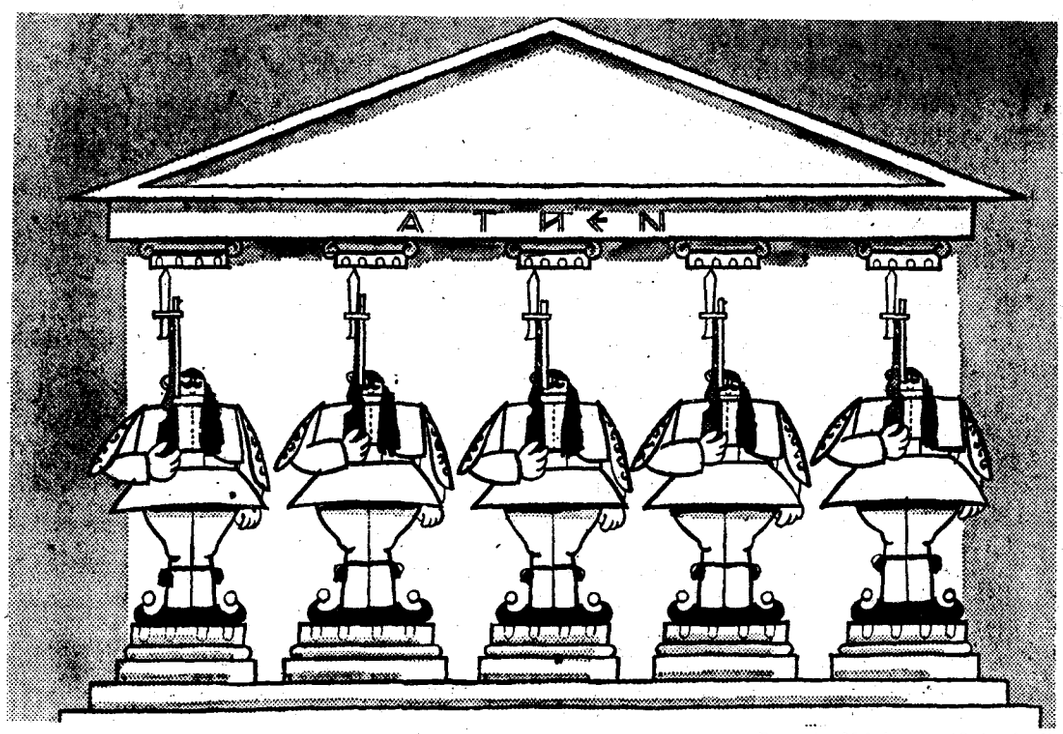
It is an informed guess—and until polls are taken or elections held, that is all it can be—that those speakers who told us that the colonels have very little popular support are indulging in wishful thinking. Difficult as it may be for some American and European Grecophiles to swallow the fact, we believe that the colonels enjoy a larger degree of popularity, particularly in rural areas and among some social strata, than their critics are prepared to concede.

Students, professors, politicians, journalists and artists may lack the freedom they need and desire, and life may be harsh for them, but there are few among even these groups who are willing to raise opposition to the revolutionary pitch it would take to overthrow the colonels by force.

Of course, visits to Greece by Laird and other high-ranking American military officials and the resumption of heavy arms shipments also bolster the colonels and make it possible for them to thumb their noses at the European countries and organizations, like the Human Rights Commission, which have tried to censure and embarrass them into at least stopping the torture of their political enemies. The United States has gone ahead with the arms shipments even in the face of a private threat by Denmark and Norway to resign from NATO over the issue.

An ongoing boom in tourism also helps to sustain the colonels. The latest statistics—and there's no reason to disbelieve the junta on these facts—released in Athens in October by the National Tourist Organization show that: "In the seven-month period from January to July 1970, tourist arrivals in Greece numbered 876,776 as against 710,109 for the same period in 1969 and 559,026 in 1968. The greatest number of tourists were Americans, 213,307, or a 16.6 per cent increase over the previous year." And the percentage of increased tourism from other countries topped the U.S. percentage increase. This growth of tourism—sometimes from the very European countries whose governments have attempted sanctions against the junta—takes a lot of the sting out of official indignation from abroad.

An aspect of tourism that should interest Americans is that Athens and the rest of Greece appear to be full of the young Americans one generally associates with the youth movement in the United States. You can hardly approach the American Express office on Constitution Square these days for the hordes of young Americans crowding around, waiting for their mail, meeting friends, looking for traveling companions, or just basking in the sun, sipping Turkish coffee and enjoying the Greek atmosphere which has apparently not been spoiled by the presence of the dictators in the old parliament building across the square. Although this type of tourist, the young one



Barmerin, Nebelspatter (Switzerland)

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without much money to spend, hasn't been encouraged in the junta's promotion of tourism, the original rumors that they would be excluded from the country have proved false. And for their part, the young people have apparently decided to declare personal moratoriums on protest against tyranny while they travel in Greece and live high on the inexpensive Greek economy. The presence of these people from America and Europe speaks in much the same way to the Greek people and to the colonels as do the visits of U.S. military types—"It could be worse."

What is the future in all this? What will be the eventual fate of the colonels? What will come next? No balanced journalist would go out on a limb to answer such questions and that goes also for Greek journalists—who would best steer clear of them altogether. In the first place, many Greeks will tell you that they are not questions that can be answered by the Greeks. "The Americans brought them in," a high school teacher on Corfu told Elias, "and the Americans can get them out."

Another Greek told us, without the slightest indication that he was exaggerating, that "Greece is a satellite of the United States. Let's face it," he added, "nothing's going to happen here, nothing's going to change until your people in Washington say it is." This may, in fact, be a slight exaggeration, but then there's always that sign at the Athens airport: "Welcome to the 7206th Support Group," and there are those Honest John missiles, sited at Athens, Salonika and Crete.

If it is U.S. policy to go along with the colonels' line that they are keeping Greece free of communism—a line even they have dropped in the cities, where the fabrication is too obvious—it may be fooling some Americans, but it's not fooling any educated Greek. Even today, after three years of rule by military junta, there is not the vaguest sign that a Communist threat exists in Greece, and it cannot be long before all Greeks know it—even those who are isolated in the country or on remote islands. If there is any threat at all to the colonels' rule, it comes from the opposite direction and the junta makes most of its arrests these days from among the rightist groups, royalists and democrats. The bombs that have exploded on or near U.S. property, or in Greek Government premises during the past year in Athens, Salonika and other cities (in addition to Laird's entourage, the Athens Hilton, the National Bank of Greece, the foreign press and information office and several American cars have been targets) have been blamed on the right-wing resistance movement (KEA), which openly declares American property a prime target for bombing. A leaflet produced by the KEA for all Americans in Greece warns: "You have become more hateful than the Athens regime. You will be responsible for the civil war that will follow."

Ironically enough, the more secure the colonels feel, the less repression they will think they must employ, the more reforms they will institute, and the longer they will stay in power. For a while, the Nixon Administration was making signs that it was pushing the colonels to hold elections and phase rapidly back into a democratic form of government. We didn't detect any of this from Laird when he visited Greece, and it appears now that the Nixon rhetoric about Greek elections was strictly for U.S. consumption. At any rate, the colonels have no intention of holding elections or making the slightest move toward democratic government in the foreseeable future, and the most accurate answer to the questions we posed about the future of Greece was published on October 16 by *Eleftheros Kosmos*:

> Only those who still hope that the Revolution is a parenthesis that will some day close must have been depressed by the lecture of Under Secretary to the Prime Minister, Mr. Georgalas on Wednesday at the Hilton Hotel. Mr. Georgalas reaffirmed in such an analytical and clear manner as to leave no room for doubt that it is not a question of small arrangements or small repairs of the situation which was overthrown in April 1967.
>
> The idea is to create an entirely new parliamentary life in the Greek political arena, from which all former mentalities and methods would be swept out.
>
> The aim is so great, so vitally important for the country as to render the recent talks on elections a very petty matter. If nothing else, it shows a lack of responsibility.

Estia, another Athens newspaper, in an article published on the same day declares that "there exists neither a 'time schedule' nor any binding for elections as various stupid people think. . . . And when the Sixth Fleet of allied America has no other shelter than the Greek ports, Greece would be insane if—encircled as it is by enemies with their eyes on its territories—it was indifferent to these dangers and started the game of parliamentarianism, simply to satisfy the self-exiles in Rome and Paris."

Thus it is made quite obvious for all Greeks to read that in the minds of the two Pentagons the Greek colonels' idea of world crisis is going to continue for a long time.

But no one who has spent some time in Greece—and one cannot spend time in this country without acquiring a feeling for the place that is difficult to communicate to others who have not had the same experience—could allow an article on Greece to end on such a glum note.

Actually, in its usual enigmatic way, Greece does not appear at all glum. In fact, with the exception of those unfortunate citizens who come into some direct confrontation with the junta's idea of propriety, Greece appears to overlook the situation altogether. It praises the best and leaves the rest to fate—in this case, Greeks feel, fate in the guise of the United States.

And anyone who loves Greece and the Greeks must hope that the glue of politics and society that holds a people together—whether it be democratic glue, Communist glue, or even, temporarily, dictatorial glue—will not soften in such a way as to let things fall again into chaos or civil strife; will not let the strange, wild, yet civilizing spirit of the land turn again to scraping Greek life over the sharp rocks of this demanding, abrasive landscape. Perhaps this is why, when a Greek, with that characteristic side-to-side cast of the head says, "Things could be worse," one wishes passionately that these strong people do not have to sustain yet another trial by blood in this century that has tried them right down to the white bones of survival. In such a wish one even includes the colonels. And in such a wish one includes a hope for wisdom and selflessness in American foreign policy toward Greece. □

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SHOPPING FOR APPLIANCES

:HARLES KLAMKIN
Ar. Klamkin, writer and photographer, is the author of If It Doesn't Work, Read the Instructions *(Stein & Day).*

What can be done about refrigerators that turn ice cream nto slush, washing machines that go into paralysis, and elevision sets that need an occasional sharp whack to assert your authority over them? These problems have become epidemic in this country, dedicated to turning out ever larger quantities of more complex and sophisticated abor-saving appliances.

For years, the consumer has been the "pigeon" for aulty engineering, shoddy workmanship, cloudy warranies and inept service, and his frustrations have finally awakened politicians and governmental agencies to the attractive political aspects of the situation. Legislators are now rushing to the hopper with laws designed to toughen warranties, improve product safety, and generally strengthen the consumer's position in dealing with faulty appliances.

At the heart of the problem is the fact that the average buyer doesn't know how to get, or is not permitted to get, the appliance best suited to his needs. Whether a customer sets out to purchase a given appliance for the first time or is replacing a worn one, his buying decision should be disciplined by the following criteria:

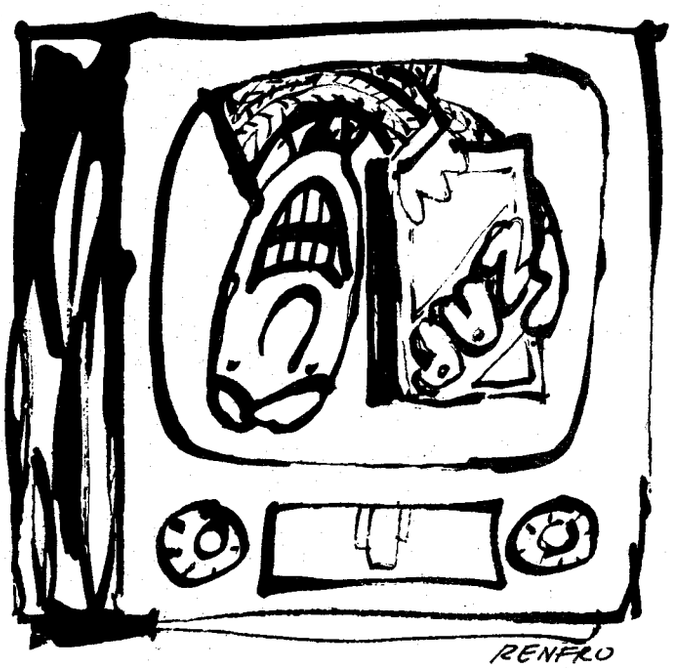
(*1*) The appliance is the one best suited to his needs.
(*2*) The reputation of the dealer.
(*3*) Confidence in the brand name.
(*4*) Availability of prompt, efficient service.
(*5*) The purchase price and terms are at least competitive.
(*6*) The method of payment would help insure satisfactory performance.

There is no reason, other than high-pressure salesmanship or status seeking, to buy the fanciest, most jazzed-up model in the store. Every manufacturer makes conservative, middle-of-the-line models that incorporate all the size and utility that most families require. These models lack the multitude of automatic gimmicks and push buttons that any serviceman will tell you increase the potential for breakdown or malfunction.

Extra-cost features—automatic ice-cube makers, cold-water dispensers on refrigerators, sixteen cycles on an automatic washer, a dozen heat and time combinations on a dryer, hot water taps on ranges and remote control television sets—tend to make the appliance more profitable to the manufacturer and dealer. They contribute very little to the overall usefulness of the product and are a real detriment to its maintenance and longevity. One can usually avoid the seduction of gadgetry by setting a ceiling on what one is prepared to pay and shopping several dealers to find the appliance that offers the best value within that price.

Determining a dealer's reputation for fair value as well as his ability to carry out his service obligation is worth some small research. Either you have had a favorable experience with him previously or you can check him out with friends, neighbors, fellow workers, or by a phone call to the Better Business Bureau or Chamber of Commerce. The latter is perhaps not as reliable as could be hoped, since the chances are that a chamber will not care to tell tales against a dues-paying member.

Blind faith in a brand name is just that. Satisfaction with a General Electric, Frigidaire or Sears refrigerator does not mean that the buyer will certainly be happy with



the same brand of washer, dryer or stove. A manufacturer who makes a superior electric range will quite often produce a mediocre refrigerator or dishwasher. And customers sometimes employ their reverse logic by blackballing a brand name. General Electric or Westinghouse refrigerators have been rejected out of hand by shoppers who may have had trouble with either manufacturer's toaster, steam iron or portable radio.

It is in the area of service that the consumer is most vulnerable. While the purchase is still being negotiated, he will be assured that repairs are handled by a staff of geniuses who could qualify as racing drivers in their eagerness to answer a service call. Unfortunately, very few outlets are able to back up even much more modest claims.

The high cost and low availability of competent appliance and electronic technicians, trained to handle expertly modern complicated equipment, have become too great a burden for most appliance retailers. In order to overcome this situation and to open up the retail market-

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ing of appliances for mass merchandisers to whom overhead is anathema, most appliance manufacturers have set up their own service operations. These factory-owned service companies operate in the larger urban markets across the country. In less densely populated areas, where the factory operation of a service facility is not feasible, independent service contractors are authorized to perform in-warranty service for a fee that is paid by the manufacturer.

The dealer who elects to turn over his service responsibilities to the manufacturer buys his goods with the charge for this service included in the wholesale price he pays for his appliances. Anyone who buys an appliance from a nonservicing dealer is at the mercy of the service company or contractor and has no recourse to the dealer if the quality of service is deficient.

Dealers who still perform their own service are becoming quite vocal within the industry in their rebellion against the cost of repairing factory design and production defects. They have been saddled with taking back and fixing D.O.A. (dead on arrival) refrigerators and air conditioners, reworking crossed-up wiring in ranges and washers, and trying to awaken new, but dormant, television sets.

As a comment on what can get past factory production and inspection, the buyer in a large department store recently complained about a Frigidaire refrigerator on hi sales floor. Fastened permanently to the door handle wa G.M.'s much-heralded "Mark of Excellence"—upsid down.

When buying a major appliance, the customer can in most cases, check out a retail price. Each appliance carries a model number, and the price for that model can be compared from store to store. It is even simpler than shopping for an automobile, since any change in option or features produces a different model number designation Shopping is thus distinctly easier than when one is buying a sofa or a suit of clothes, but the manufacturers and dealers have pretty well neutralized the advantage.

First, the manufacturers have almost eliminated price cutting by establishing minimum fair-trade prices in states where the law permits. This prevents, or at least deters widespread discounts that would erode further the relatively thin retail markups. Much as the factories like to see their products sold in volume, they worry lest the inability of dealers to capture a sufficient profit should make the sale of those products unattractive and the dealers' existence precarious.

Second, the more powerful retail outlets, such as chains department stores and co-op buying groups, have pressed the brand-name manufacturers to give them exclusive models. A bit of trim is changed, added or deleted, and the altered piece is given special model designation and distribution confined to perhaps one or two outlets within a given area.

The third method for preventing price comparison is the resort to private labels. Sears Roebuck's Coldspot, Kenmore and Silvertone labels are by far the most successful of such projects. Other chains and many department stores use private label goods in order to widen their appliance profit margins.

Whirlpool, Hotpoint, Gibson, Frigidaire and Admiral are very active in supplying private label merchandise. A careful shopper may find that he can buy an equivalent model under a private label for substantially less than its practically identical brand-name twin.

The customer, when buying an appliance, television set or high-priced stereo equipment, should make every effort to negotiate some form of deferred payment plan. Many stores offer a thirty-day arrangement, with no carrying charges. Deals can sometimes be made, again without interest, calling for a small deposit and the balance to be paid in equal installments at thirty, sixty or ninety days.

The reason for spreading out the payment is that in the case of a scratch, dent, blemish or early malfunction, the consumer has a money leverage for his grievance. A dealer can be a great deal more philosophical about appliance problems when the money has already been rung up in the cash register.

Many consumers have found it impossible to get adequate relief for a service headache from their dealer or service agency. Some who have written directly to the factories have received little help. Now, in an attempt to forestall onerous legislation aimed at meeting these problems, the manufacturers have taken a step that may make

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them more sympathetic with the consumer's problems.

The Association of Home Appliance Manufacturers has set up a committee to deal with consumer grievances and to act somewhat as a court of last resort. It is called the Major Appliance Consumer Action Panel and has headquarters in the Merchandise Mart, Chicago. The panel is composed of persons outside the industry who have reputations in the areas of consumer affairs and home economics. They are to solicit unresolved consumer complaints and, in consultation with the manufacturers involved, to settle the cases within as short a time as two weeks.

This effort by the appliance industry to clean its own house has probably come too late and with too little publicity to prevent the imposition of the consumer-oriented legislation that the appliance industry fears and the consumer long has needed. □

Philosophy of a Corner Linebacker

JOHN McMURTRY

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Guelph

A few years ago, I played professional football—I was a corner linebacker—for a team called the Calgary Stampeders. The Stampeders, as well as the eight other teams that form the equivalent in Canada to the NFL, are much like any pro team in big-league football. Any difference between them and, say, the Minnesota Vikings is essentially that they have some Canadian players, whereas the Vikings have none at all. Indeed the similarities in this particular case are extensive when one considers that the Vikings' ex-quarterback Joe Kapp, their general manager Jim Finks and their coach Bud Grant all performed these functions in Canada (two of them for the Stampeders when I played) for longer than they've been with the Vikings. In short, professional football is much the same in principle and practice on both sides of the 48th parallel.

Like most players I did not seek to become a pro from some personal quirk. I acted, rather, upon the dominant imperative of North American male culture, which is to show how tough and competitive you are. Recognizing that being a top dog in a violent game lent one much the same magic as packing a fast gun in Tombstone, I trained, weight-lifted and backed people down until I was a well-publicized fullback, being drafted by the pros. I made the team—the only Canadian college player in my year to break into a starting lineup—essentially because I had developed the obsessional competitiveness and agile cunning required for success in any elitist structure. At first, I rarely reflected on these prerequisites of the game, but as time went on the concealed became more and more manifest to me—that pro football was not so much a sport as a sick society's projection of itself into public spectacle. It now seems obvious to me that the increasingly popular Sunday contests between sophisticated systems of big-men power—the pro football games—should not be viewed as mere weekend diversion but rather as a growing religion, an idealization into morality play of the bellicose American way before a congregation of tens of millions.

Support can be marshaled for this claim almost as soon as one pauses to look. To begin with, the first major principle of football is *possession*—holding onto the desired object (the ball), protecting it by rule-governed violence from the other team. "Possession" the key to football; "private property" the key to our society: legalized violence the sanction of both. It is no accident. When one considers as well that the inevitable conclusion of such a game—whether gridiron or social—is monopoly by the most powerful, the analogy then becomes still more compelling.

But the similarity does not end there. In football one must not only try to *keep* possession, one must also try to *gain* it from the other side. This is done, literally, by forcing the opponent off his territory, yard by yard, until he has nothing left. When that occurs, the scoring side acquires abstract assets called "points," and the contest begins again. The likeness of this process to the capitalist law of increasing what is owned by outmaneuvering others of what they own and thereby gaining abstract assets called "money" is too obvious to comment on. In both "games," the goal is more and more abstract value, without upper limit or concern for the competitor.

The role of the competitor is indeed interesting enough in both spheres. In football, the truly professional attitude is not to think of the opponent as a human being at all—he is a "position," to be removed as efficiently as possible in order to benefit the team's corporate enterprise of gaining points. The mask over his face and the other protective equipment he wears reinforce this status of nonhumanity: while—if all that is not enough—official fines for "fraternizing" with the other side diminish any points of contact that might remain. Of course, one need hardly elaborate how this resembles life outside the stadium—the business or political opposition as simply something which must be removed in order to secure corporate, party or national interests, whose representatives are generally in something like a conventional coverall uniform and head style, and with whose products or agents it is unwise to associate. The only difference is that in football, the antagonism is overt.

The circumstances and manner in which football is played are also suggestive. Millions of dollars are spent on the most lavish technology and expertise of entertainment, while huge segments of the population live in squalor. An infinitesimal elite plans in secret and plays the game, while the rest watch from the side lines. The participants are concerned not with the activity as such but with the cash payoff ("a real money player"). The qualities most universally celebrated in the game are a combination of fear of failure ("hates to lose") and ruthless ag-

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gression ("mean"). The onlookers feel that it is "their" team though they have nothing whatever to do with its function. A suppressed sexuality keeps expressing itself in concealed forms (bottom-touching, pile ons, clutching embraces and virginal girls twirling batons). The theme of the field is reinforced again and again in the commercial ads for cars that are ever bigger, faster and more powerful (the predator nomenclature for both football teams and cars is worth nothing). A deeply rooted racism is implicit in the total exclusion of black owners, coaches or quarterbacks, the *de facto* segregation of players, and in the conventional mythology of physically gifted "niggers" who are "stupid" and "don't like to get hit." The language of war is habitually employed ("field general," "long bomb," "boys," "blitz," "front line," "pursuit," "good hit," "squad," "casualties," etc.). The emphasis is on "spirit," on ritual and grandeur, on the national anthem and the pre-game hush that cast a spell or religious sanctity upon the whole event. And so forth.

But perhaps most important to football is Authority: the strict hierarchy of the club and its exhaustive control of every aspect of the game and, even, the personal lives

of the player employees. The unforgivable sin of a player is to question someone above him—if he does that, he's finished. The chain of command moves from the owner (who is almost never seen), down through the general manager, the coach, the quarterback and trustworthy veterans. Unlike any other game (though the tendency is also growing in baseball), every pattern of movement on the field is strictly dictated by nonplaying superiors—detailed formation, movements of formulation (i.e., plays), and every possible decision on the field are all given from above. Similarly, patterns of behavior off the field are strictly regulated—the bedtimes of the players, their physical pleasures, their traveling clothes, their habits of speech (my old coach formally prohibited all "cussin"), the mode and times of their relations with the public (commercial, social or political activity that is not to the authorities' liking may lead to fines or dismissal). Even the team on plays for is decided by higher officials—the player bein "drafted" (this term is revealing) by a club through procedure in which he has no voice whatever. Any defi ance of any part of this whole structure of command mean permanent banning from the game.

Though there are certain evident resemblance between the football corporation and other types of cor poration, the more striking similarity is of course to th military, or indeed to political fascism. In all three spheres absolute obedience to higher authority is required in ever aspect of life, the principles of uniformity and order ar rigidly enforced, and destructive violence is the funda mental mode of extra-group communication. But footbal comes closer to political fascism, I think, in its cultivatio of mass-gathering hysteria and its fawning idolization o the powerful. The correlation between the growing tenden cy toward extreme Right politics in North America an the increasing popularity of big-league football should no be overlooked. If this appears fanciful, consider the wide spread coincidence between devotion to football and t sociopolitical conformity in American learning institution and in the people as a whole. Nationalistic displays ar conspicuously—and increasingly—evident at footbal games (recently there was an official period of silence fo U.S. military personnel held captive in North Vietnam) And the late dean of coaches, Vince Lombardi, outline football's mission as follows: "We must regain respect fo authority. We must learn to respect authority. A man mus be part of a group and subject himself to that group. Discipline, that is what football is."

If the connection between football and politics still seems ingenious rather than substantive, ponder this remark by the former California Superintendent of Public Instruction, Max Rafferty: "Critics of college football are kooks, crumbums and commies—hairy, loud-mouth beatniks. Football is war—without killing. They are the custodians of the concepts of democracy. As football players, they possess a clear, bright fighting spirit which is America itself." And then consider the words of President Nixon after U.S. troops recently and unexpectedly invaded North Vietnam: "Sometimes you have to take them by surprise. It's like football. You run a play and it fails. Then you turn around and call the same play again because they aren't expecting it."

The connections between the politics of fascism and the mania for football are too many to be ignored: both ground themselves on a property-seizing principle, apotheosize struggle and competition, publicly idolize victory and the powerful, make authority absolute, and relate to opposing groups by violent aggression. When the President of the United States compares war maneuvers to football plays and the head of the education system in one of the richest states suggests that war principles of football represent "America itself," the associations become somewhat sinister. One might be excused for wondering whether the "game theory" so popular with Pentagon and White House strategists might not be instructively fleshed out into a football model, with the world as gridiron, the game plan as "possession," and America as history's "greatest ever" football machine. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Myth of Ecstatic Community

THE GREENING OF AMERICA. *By Charles A. Reich. Random House. 399 pp. $7.95.*

EMILE CAPOUYA

This book tries to give an answer to what is for us the most important social question: how can we, citizens of the richest nation in the world, master the machine that has pretty well mastered us, and in so doing reclaim what we call our country—a country of the spirit—from the corporations and government bureaucracies that now usurp its name? Clearly, this is a question for rich people, the kind of issue that can only arise among persons for whom the material basis of existence is more or less assured. That is the condition of, say, half the people of the United States. Charles Reich is addressing that half of our fellow citizens, and it is perfectly appropriate that he discuss with them a problem that has arisen chiefly for them, though, as it seems to me, the fate of the world hangs upon it. There are many nations, and many persons in our own country, who literally cannot afford to entertain such a question. They do not have enough margin to their lives to permit that sort of speculation, and at this point they have no effective political power to alter matters if they should want to. The rich have the necessary intellectual and spiritual liberty, the positive face of freedom from want, and they have the elements of political power. It is their business to pose the issue and to act upon their best resolutions about it.

I mention these matters because a number of Mr. Reich's unsympathetic critics have seemed to question in one way or another the propriety of his bringing the problem to our attention. One well-known commentator as much as said that Mr. Reich has no right to address us at all. He suggested that the author of *The Greening of America* was unoriginal, as if it were up to Reich to propose to us a more interesting question than this one of life and death, or describe for it more shapely contours than those with which we are already painfully familiar. But surely that is to misunderstand originality, which must mean in this connection giving intelligible form to our troubles, so that we can begin to deal with them. Another critic objected to the problem itself. That is, it did not seem to him to have been stated in terms that could be translated into the language of economic analysis—or rather, into that dialect of the language in which he himself was fluent. For this grammarian, apparently, a problem is something definable by expert specialists in the present state of their art. No other matters are to be dignified by that term, nor aspire to be noticed.

More imaginative commentators, on the other hand, have not been impatient of the problem, did not think fit to reject the author's credentials, and were not put off unduly by his idiosyncracies of manner and doctrine. That appears to me to be the beginning of wisdom. Approaching the book in that frame of mind allows us to observe that Reich is proposing to us, in very much of a religious spirit, two legends, one of a fall and one of a possible redemption. What we are called upon to judge is the imaginative adequacy of these stories, how well- or ill-adapted they are to our own sense of our troubles and to our longing to be better men. Again, these are parables for rich penitents, but that is what we are.

The author tells us that Americans have gone through two stages of belief and are entering upon a third. He has named those stages Consciousness I, Consciousness II, Consciousness III. It is well to say at once that these terms, barbarous enough in form, and characteristic of Reich's technico-rhapsodic style, prove to be fatally convenient as analytic instruments, clarifying and obscuring the issue impartially. For our purposes, these shorthand designations for complex states of mind require to be restated in the common tongue. Consciousness I is, approximately, the American myth of individual autonomy, from Thomas Jefferson to Senator Goldwater, sustained by a certain pattern of economic activity—the family farm, small business, small-scale manufacturing—and reflected in a political state whose essence, at least ideally, is expressed in the notion of limitation of powers. Obviously, the myth takes no notice of contradictory phenomena present throughout American history, ranging from chattel and wage slavery to highly organized social services and public agencies of all kinds, all seriously infringing individual autonomy. In the 1850s, during the myth's golden age, as it were, Thoreau said: "Why will men paw me with their dirty institutions?" He was, as we know, morbidly sensitive, but he could scarcely have uttered this reproach in a social vacuum.

Consciousness II is the myth of social engineering incarnate in the Welfare State. The characteristic economic pattern is large-scale agriculture and manufacturing, and control over markets exercized by a relatively few large enterprises. The political analogue of this economic activity is a vastly enlarged state bureaucracy—merging at every point with the bureaucracies of industry and commerce —which is supposed to provide for the well-being of the population, and which has powers appropriately enlarged for the purpose. Its benevolent ethic assumes that no man is an island, we are all responsible for one another, and we can discharge that responsibility only by making the fullest use of our technical capacity to produce and distribute goods and information. The contradictions ignored or even assumed by this myth include poverty for a large number of the citizens, spiritual misery for everyone, and the calculus of efficiency applied in the most cold-blooded way to all the affairs of life—from the Corps of Engineers' systematic destruction of the landscape to surveillance over individuals carried on by means of public and private information banks, and cameras and electronic instruments designed for outright spying. The author dates the ascendancy of this myth and this mode of life from the time of the New Deal administration.

According to Reich, the contrast between the professions and the activities of the Welfare State—extending now to waging a war of most singular viciousness in the name of all that is holy—is so obvious and so nauseous that it has provoked revulsion on the part of the class that does the essential administrative tasks required by bureaucratized industry, commerce and government. The middle class has discovered, at least in the persons of its children, its own dissatisfaction with its debasing activities. The backbone of the nation, stiffened for generations by the myth of autonomy, and for forty years by the duty to pursue a benevolent social engineering, is losing its starch. The young of the middle class are refusing to grow up, if growing up means imitating the public and private conduct of their parents. The refusal, and the elaboration of alternative ideals and

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pursuits, Reich calls Consciousness III, which I take to be the myth of ecstatic community.

He envisions an order morally superior to those that can be achieved by puritan self-discipline (Consciousness I) or public coercion in a good cause (Consciousness II)—an ideal of plenitude, peace and spiritual fulfillment. Certain activities and attitudes are suggested as a means of attaining to these desirable states: contemplation, with or without the help of drugs and music; creativity, preferably in one's work but at least in an avocation; an attitude toward other people of positive trust and friendliness that can easily ascend to a pitch of erotic or simply agapastic communion; a costume that expresses such values as these by qualities at once dashing and insouciant, casual and dramatic—one at odds, in any case, with the uniforms of the various clerkships that are the special occupations of the middle class; reverence for the natural world, contrasting with the assumption that the earth is a mine to be exploited; reverence for the spiritual wisdom embodied in the literature of our own and foreign cultures, contrasting with the utilitarian ethos, language and practice of the bureaucratized state.

Characters formed by such values, Reich contends, are the proper materials for building a humane polity. As each person devotes himself to those preoccupations, breaking with the myth of autonomy and the myth of social engineering, the revolution accomplishes itself. Deliberate political activity, on the other hand, has a curse upon it. In our time, all such activity necessarily falls under the sign of totalitarianism. What has the radical activism of this century produced but the giant that has us in thrall, hypertrophied government, administering us within an inch of our lives, and for inhuman ends?

It appears to me that on the whole Reich's account of the fall of man in America does meet the test of imaginative adequacy. The myths he names for us under that heading have indeed been the dominant ideologies of their respective periods, and they have been persuasive enough—and defective enough as views of reality—to lead us to that compounded mistake, contemporary society. To my mind, Reich's characterization of Consciousness I and Consciousness II, far from being naive, as has been charged against it, is a shrewd enough condensation of our experience, designed to point up just those activities and expectations that we must abandon if we are to survive. In other words, the author of *The Greening of America* is dealing in essentials, and at this stage of his argument criticism of details is beside the point. In order to feel the import of his contentions we need a faculty akin to an aesthetic sense—the ability to recognize the meaning of our experience when it is presented to us in a metaphor. Without that ability we can no more understand our own history than a person who is tone-deaf can organize the sounds of a musical composition into the experience of music.

But if we accept Reich as an adequately creative historian on the evidence of our own sense of the past, what are we to say about him as a prophet—that is, as a man who reads the present and tells us what will come of it? For while it is clear that Reich's critique of the myth of autonomy and the myth of social engineering springs from a moral dissatisfaction with their effects, his advocacy of ecstatic communion goes beyond simple ethical preference and aims at something beyond a merely secular Utopia. His language and images are often those of religious enthusiasm, and it is clear that the substance of his prophecy is little short of salvation in the religious sense. To appreciate these tidings, too, a faculty is required that is far from universal. Unfortunately, I am deficient in it, so that at this point I lose confidence in my ability to deal with Reich's argument more or less in Reich's terms. My interpretation of it, arising from secular—not to say materialist—premises, is almost certain to do violence to the author's intention and to some degree pervert his meaning. But the issue he raises appears to me to be of the first importance, and like any other reader I must understand him as I can.

It is striking, though under the circumstances scarcely surprising, that while Reich confronts the myths of personal autonomy and benevolent social engineering with facts that contradict the views of life that they propose, he does very little in that way with the myth of his own invention. That is to say, he admits readily enough that the manners and attitudes signified by new coinages like "alternate culture" or "youth culture" are historically determined and historically specific, but in the manner of an evangelist preaching the New Adam, dwells on the themes of liberation, joy and reconciliation rather than on those stains of our mortality that remain with us. Contemplation is a good thing, no doubt. But the drugs taken to assist or heighten the process have negative effects ranging from mild stultification to acute seizure; the music is often ordered noise, loud enough to damage the hearing and, one would think, the character of the listener; the light shows aim at disorienting the viewer. In short, these aids to contemplation appear designed to carry out th project of the so-called Welfare State– the reduction of the citizen to a thin At this point, the possibility suggests i self that the remedy is identical with th disease. Are the moral types nurtured b the myth of autonomy, which assumed sense of self, and the myth of social we fare, which assumed our responsibilit for one another's fate, really inferior t the cossetted and brutalized citizen of th electronic dream? For there are grea numbers of people, adherents of the "a ternate culture," to whom such worc fully apply—the remittance men of th late capitalist world, supplied with sensa tions and expensive toys on conditio that they cause no public scandal, tha they lay no hand upon the great machin of administration and oppression.

This argument is directed at what take to be Reich's strongest point, hi catalogue of desiderata. Who could b against contemplation? And yet who un derstands by contemplation the furthe subjection of the person to the powe of the machine? Or who, advocating trus openness and communion, intends Alta mont and Seattle—murder and rape? Th culture Reich is discussing has a dar side that he is loath to recognize, one tha makes the New Jerusalem look much lik the Old Babylon.

Possibly it is a mistake to present th myth of ecstatic communion as simila to those that go under the rubrics, Con sciousness I and Consciousness II—tha is, as a theory designed to describe a giv en state of affairs. It may be that Reicl does not mean his discussion of Con sciousness III to provide an explanatio so much as a program, prescribing a ideal of conduct rather than offerin sketches from the life. In that case, i is clear how hazardous it is to emplo terms identical in form to represent quit dissimilar categories. But in that case too, there is room for criticism—subjec always to the limits of one's ability t appreciate the possible mystical elemen in Reich's system. For there are points a which his suggestions about personal con duct have a practical bearing on the teno of everyday life.

One such instance is his observatio that the modern corporation is vulnerable to mining from within. Reich is dealing with the familiar problem of how to subvert to our own uses powerful institutions designed for other purposes. His discovery is important if true. The cog in the administrative machine can express his individuality and work creatively, Reich says, if he remembers that the corporation is cumbersome and absent-minded. It can deal only with what has been foreseen, and is helpless in the face of innovation. That inherent defect makes it

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possible for the corporate employee to depart from routines, going his own way, and seeing to it that his work tends to redirect the organization toward the human goals it is supposed to serve.

A prophet's virtue, like a poet's, resides not so much in his gift for fantasy as in his sense of fact. And in this matter, at least, Reich's vision contradicts our experience. The author of *The Greening of America* is a lawyer by profession, and presumably he has spent some time in a law firm. Can he indeed have understood the character of his own experience while he worked there? The ideal purpose for having a corps of lawyers is that the ends of justice be served. In practice, a lawyer's object is necessarily quite different —to defend the interests of a client in return for a fee. It is hard to believe that the lawyer who devoted himself solely to securing the ends of justice could keep himself alive. The typical law firm, like every other corporation, has powerful anti-bodies with which to combat any such romantic infection. As a matter of fact, the author's proposition makes better sense turned on its head: the corporation is almost completely invulnerable to attempts from within to turn its activities in the direction of fulfilling human needs. Besides the fact that its personnel have been trained to ignore those needs, the corporation has very special sanctions determining its conduct, and these reside in the profit and loss account.

Such a capital misconception as this one of Reich's is important insofar as he aims at a social revolution, and he says that he does. "Render unto Caesar" is bad policy for a *social* revolutionary. "Subvert the corporation from within" is just as bad, and it would be fatal if Reich had none but secular goals. In any case, it casts doubt on his entire program of revolution by abdication, revolution by token compliance with the machine, revolution by individual moral conversion.

Thus far we have been investigating the problem of the rich in the language of affluence. The method has a necessary weakness, in that the great majority of those affected by the problem—something like nine-tenths of the population of the world—is poor. While we cannot have their counsel in the debate, we can make some attempt to break out of the ideological bonds imposed by our easy circumstances, and try to approach in imagination the view of the majority for whom we are legislating. Henry James, Sr., declared that as a theologian he could not accept a paradise that excluded a single soul. I take that to be excellent doctrine: amenity, self-cultivation, creativity for absolutely everybody, or there is no reason for us to be interested.

From the viewpoint, then, of "absolutely everybody," what is at stake in this discussion of Consciousness I, II and III? The first category represents the ideology of an economic and political system that gets all the labor it can out of a man, and feels no obligation to show him any social tenderness. The second is the ideology that suits best the rationalization of industry, and the discovery that a labor force produces more efficiently and consumes more dependably if it enjoys some purchasing power and some amenities. The third is the recognition that the system in question is now well established, and that its beneficiaries can relax; the goods and services they require to support their idea of well-being are assured by the regimented labor of the majority. Reich suggests that Consciousness I and Consciousness II are states of mind that can coexist in the same person. The truth is that all three are emotionally compatible, representing different phases of the same process of exploitation, and all three are entertained all the time by the same persons as they contemplate this or that phase.

This is, of course, the voice of Thersites. The boor has little regard for the spiritual elevation of the rich, and gives them no credit even for their impulses of generosity. Not even for their high-minded attempts at voluntary poverty, which Reich endorses: the view from the bottom is that poverty is something one is born to, or reduced to, or possibly something one might escape from—but that it excludes by definition the possibility of volunteering for it. From this point of view, the plain living and high thinking of Reich's program is a playing at shepherd and shepherdess—with the workers, as usual, being good enough to supply their betters with leisure, education, books, tape recorders and hand-held cameras.

The inoffensive anarchism of the well-to-do, with transcendental accents, is what Reich's social program comes to, at least as it has been formulated in this first essay. The dialogue of the affluent, perfectly legitimate in its premises, has to become something more if it aspires to be decent. Though it means abandoning "authenticity," we must proceed in imagination from where we are to where most of the world is. *The Greening of America*, in that regard, is mere prolegomenon to the argument it provokes. And yet, while condemning Reich's ecstatic community as descriptively inaccurate and prescriptively irrelevant, it is important to recognize the symptomatic significance of this portion of the book. As the author himself suggests again and again, the necessary first step is to turn from the body of this death. That seems to me to be what his book, and the people it speaks for, are trying hard to do. □

Choices and Consequences

A GUEST OF HONOUR. *By Nadine Gordimer. The Viking Press. 504 pp. $8.95.*

JOSE YGLESIAS
Mr. Yglesias' latest book is Down There *(World Publishing).*

There is a danger in describing Nadine Gordimer's new novel: it can appear to be one of those worth-while books that everyone is glad has been written and that no one indeed relishes reading. How an African nation moves from newly acquired independence to the kind of chaos that the news columns gleefully tell us has overcome many, needs explication, we all agree, if only because the news columns explain nothing. Africa remains for us the dark continent—dark because of our ignorance—and we want, vaguely, to bring it into focus. But can a novel do this? Won't it inevitably be a well-meaning, didactic bore? This political decade has caught us readers with our pants down: literary prejudices, the effects of a reactionary aesthetic, make us resist the most meaningful consciousness of our condition, that total vision of men moving in society that only the novel is capacious enough to provide.

So here it is—an absorbing narrative in the grand style, a novel encompassing a whole new world, thick and weighty in the hand and of an exhilarating swiftness and suspense in the reading. Miss Gordimer in her past novels and short stories has illumined the South African landscape with sharp flashes of intelligence and feeling that linger in the mind, when the darkness of news events has put them out, like stars we know existed. The whole firmament of Africa is in *A Guest of Honour*, and Miss Gordimer's knowledge and talent and developed literary skill are at the service of a subject (Africa) and a theme (the corruption of political ideals in individual actions) that brings its own reward to the reader and the writer. It is simply not true, no matter how often it is repeated by critics who believe the novel is a formal exercise in myth making, that all literary "material" is equally

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BURNING TRASH

The dead bury the living with the dead
but joy stands up in a bush and cries Choose me!
The kingship of the past? old news at dark.
I will sing for breath! I will clap my hands for tinder!

Barry Spacks

SUBURB

To sleep
a million years
in the prow of the amoeba,
in the spark of the lizard's disappear-
ance,
coming home through the long cry
from the Vistula
to wear our shoes out in this place

The news is from elsewhere.
The postman will bring letters not yet
written.
The telephone squats on its greetings.
The window shuts out the insects.
The curtains shut out the window.

I am the shoe's foot.
I am the ring's finger.

Ken Smith

PATHOLOGICAL GRAFFITI

the rushhour freeway
freezes into a buzz

insects mathematically
swarming home, radar
of the white line.

at night it's a negligent pulse
of rattling weapons.

early morning it's a cardiograph
of extra money.

they drive thru a tunnel of exhaust
watching the discolored sun spoil
like an amputee's leg.

sirens scream like running dogs with
razors in their throats.

overpasses arch tight like
a dinosaur's spine.

bullies of reinforced concrete,
streamlined tongues of asphalt—
we're caught in a blizzard
with our left leg

crushed by a road grater.

Douglas Blazek

THE MOMENT OF NO RECOVERY

It's quiet there.
The clock can barely move
its holy arms.
The name of that gazing
virgin's face
is gone.
It was not clever,
nothing there
was clever.
Everywhere
but in her sly,
softening face
the good elation
is over.
It is not at all
symptomatic
that on this
tangible wall
in June she sees
one sailboat
on a lake of roses.
Sailboat, I think
I'm old enough
to be simple.
Great is the honoring
of Father and Mother.
I was drowning, I was
drowning, with my wings.

Milton Kessler

NOW

now it is possible
to break ranks
go die in a ditch or make it
anyway you can who cares
it is no age of extremes
just huddling together over
portions of portions
messes of pottage
everyone who survives
will be made useful

John Knoepfle

THUMBS (The White Jew)

"Orangutans are skeptical of changes/ In their cages'
Hemingway sat in a barn & wrote, composing
fear, World War 2, the whiskey bottle, the blast, the blast
that shook the scenery, & typewriter, too. He gave the prize
to Pound, & left town; Havana. He wasn't a Jew
& lost—this is apocryphal—
when he thumb-wrestled T.C. Jones, or was it Oppenheimer, or Oppen
who also ran. You see, the prize was Marlene D., Norman's friend—
Indeed; a man must love, & blow his brains out
& Ford Madox Ford will survive The Moveable Feast
that cross between a tophat & sonnet, wherein, white as money
the belly of the whale is Turgeniev's Bezhin Meadow
The lights went out, know ye by these here presentiments
& Huck Finn & A Sportsman's Notebook *were 2 works he loved*

Frank Kuenstler

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mportant; it is not so either in relation o the needs the reader brings to the ıct of reading or in what the writer can nake the subject yield.

I like to think of *A Guest of Honour* as the thematic successor to Forster's *A Passage to India*. That classic ıbout colonial rule introduced us to a ıew historical type, the Westerner ›rought up close to the face of imperial ›ppression, who suffers a moral revul- ion and a guilt that paralyzes him in ıis relations with his Eastern friends. ames Bray, Miss Gordimer's hero, is a nan who has broken out of that impasse. At the novel's beginning we know him ıs a retired civil servant whom the 3ritish Colonial Office had withdrawn, en years earlier, from an African colony ›ecause he had outraged the colonials ›y protecting and siding with the leaders ›f the independence movement. If Eng- and does not honor him for his past, ıis African friends do; they invite him ›ack as a guest of honor for the cere- nonies inaugurating the new nation, one ›f those orderly withdrawals that the English Foreign Office can manage so nuch better than our State Department, ›erhaps because they were the first to earn that to surrender political rule is ıot to relinquish all.

Bray is a diffident, private person. He s not given to formal acts like the ›eremonies to which he has been in- vited, and he and his wife are awaiting he birth of their first grandchild, but ıe goes alone, at his wife's urging, out ›f nostalgia and good manners. Once here he cannot refuse the President's equest that he undertake a study of he nation's educational needs, and so ıe stays for what he thinks will be a hort while. He has known, almost from he moment he arrived, that there has ›een a split in the independence move- nent and that the man who had been he mentor of the President and the noving spirit and founder of the inde- ›endence party has been left out of the government. Disquieting, but Bray is ı man who believes in doing his job and ıe goes about it. He finds, as he had ınder colonial rule, that he must make hoices and take the consequences.

None of this happens in the schematic way that such a précis suggests, but as he realistic story of Bray's months in he country. Into its ken enter all the lements of the life of the nation, never ıbstractly but as some of the most ›eautifully realized characterizations of nodern fiction, and as Bray again comes ›olitically alive so does he sensually eflower in middle age; his love affair vith a young white woman whose life s at loose ends begins as simple physical release in the midst of a tense social situation and develops into a kind of parallel to the political level of the novel. Pushed to his limits as a physical and social person, Bray becomes for the reader that clear, undistorting magnifying glass by which individuals and political ideas are distinguished with precision.

The country breaks into civil war when its new rulers use terror to suppress the left-wing opposition and the workers, disgusted with the compromises of what is essentially a newly emerged elitist bourgeoisie (no other words, in summary, will do), and Bray is killed while on a car trip to the capital with the young woman. He is acting as courier for the opposition, and he is killed by vengeful striking workers who think he is a white mercenary imported into their country. It is an extraordinarily vivid scene, one of apparently senseless brutality, and in the hands of another novelist might simply signify that old irony about the futility of political action. But Miss Gordimer's point is that Bray has suffered in his person the outrage to which the humblest are subjected in a country that has been sold out. There is no weeping over Bray: he has lived life to the full.

The literary cliché that a good writer creates a whole world in his novels is true in Miss Gordimer's case. By the end of its 504 pages you know the country so well—its landscape, its weather, its people and social and political movements—that it comes as a shock to discover, when you start to write about it, that it was never given a name. It does not exist, any more than the political leaders in its story, but you cannot, after finishing this novel, read about the new African nations without finding teasing similarities. None of them are clothed ideas, however, or fleshed-out types; they are so dramatized, so *written* that they are the more significant for being so humanly alive.

Anyone who has read Miss Gordimer knows how superb a craftsman she is, how beautifully she bends the language to her needs, how acute an observer she is of even the quietest moment. It is well to emphasize these qualities of hers once more: if they cannot by themselves make *A Guest of Honour* the novel of first rank that it is, they give to the narrative its glittering surface and its flying urgency and—no contradiction here—make the reader continually remind himself that he must come back once more to savor this detail and to wring all the nuances from that scene. I know of no one in contemporary literature of whom this can be said except Solzhenitsyn in his major works. □

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Richard Raymond, WHOLE EARTH CATALOG

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A New Beginning

UPLANDS: New Poems. *By A. R. Ammons. W.W. Norton & Co. 68 pp. $5. Paper $1.95.*

RICHARD HOWARD

Mr. Howard's third book of poems, Untitled Subjects, *won the 1970 Pulitzer Prize, and his next volume,* Findings, *will be published this spring by Atheneum.*

What was it like, to bear witness to the articulation of a great career in American poetry, to account for volume as it succeeded volume, revision as it focused vision, until the trajectory was complete, the canon fulfilled? What did a critic *feel* in the presence of the new work (including "Acquainted with the Night") when in 1928 Frost's sixth book, *West-Running Brook,* followed his *Selected Poems* at a five-year interval? We can look it up: a shift was remarked, was lamented, a shift to a more "philosophic" mode among the short poems which chiefly composed the book, the title poem now the sole "characteristic" regional dialogue once so distinctive in Frost's work. "Slight" is used in three of the reviews to dismiss Frost's escape from his own previous selection. In other words, the sliced-apple effect was evident. As soon as new work was exposed, it turned brown in the open air, and it was the *preceding* poems, mysteriously digested meanwhile, which were declared to exhibit the poet's true mastery, his authentic character, while the immediate achievement represented a wrong turning, a misapprehension, a falling off. If it is true, as Wordsworth said, that a poet must create the taste by which he is enjoyed, it is also true that he must continually dislodge himself if he is to create more than taste.

We can look up what the critics said of Frost's sixth book, or Stevens', or Auden's—indeed, it is a humbling exercise—but the retrospective, with regard to feeling, is always a category of bad faith, and we had better examine our own feelings *now,* for we are faced with just such an occasion, just such an opportunity. Here is A. R. Ammons' sixth book, two years after his *Selected Poems,* four years after his last new work. The situation, then, is parallel to Frost's in 1928: the poet reaches that stalled place in his career where it is necessary to inventory his resources, to take stock—what else is a Selected Poems?—of his possibilities, those behind him and those ahead. And then he must move, must find—invent—what there is in himself which will make further work identifiable yet not identical. It is the crisis of middle life which he must emblematically resolve: to acknowledge not only his future but his past, betraying neither:

> *the problem is*
> *how*
> *to keep shape and flow*

No wonder so many of these new poems are concerned with initiations, submissions to motion, giving way, getting started. But before Ammons wrests himself free, by so many "scoops scopes scrimps & scroungings," by the geological energies of "fill, siftings, winnowings, dregs,/cruds, chips," let me rehearse in a paragraph the mountainous achievements at his back, from which he is setting forth.

In 1955, Ammons' first book, *Ommateum,* discovered his tremendous theme: putting off the flesh and taking on the universe. For this poet, there is no windy abstraction in the notion, but a wonderful and rustling submission to the real, the incidental and the odd. Indeed, the poignance of momentary life in its combat with eternal design so haunted the poet that a decade later, in his magnificent second and third books, *Expressions of Sea Level* and *Corson's Inlet,* he had not yet come down on the side of transcendence, nor even taken off. Determined rather to suffer or search out immersion in the stream of reality without surrendering all that is and makes one particularly oneself, Ammons devised a notation of events as faithful to the wavering rhythm of metabolism as it might be to the larger fixities of celestial order:

> *for it is not so much to know the self*
> *as to know it as it is known*
> *by galaxy and cedar cone,*
> *as if birth had never found it*
> *and death could never end it:*

That terminal colon is a characteristic of Ammons' verse—a sign to indicate not only equivalence but the node or point of passage on each side of which an existence hangs in the balance; and the balance is the movement of the verse itself, a constant experiment with the weight of language the line can bear, can meaningfully break beneath, so that the enjambment will *show* something more than completion or incompletion. Between these two books, Ammons published a kind of satyr play of selfhood, *Tape for the Turn of the Year* (1965), "a long thin poem" written on a huge roll of adding-machine tape run through the typewriter to its conclusion, a poem about the specifications of identity by the very refusal to prune or clip:

> *the center-arising*
> *form*
> *adapts, tests the*
> *peripheries, draws in,*
> *finds a new factor,*
> *utilizes a new method,*
> *gains a new foothold*
> *responds to inner and outer*
> *change. . . .*

And these mediations led, or prodded, the poet, by 1966, to a further collection, *Northfield Poems,* in which the provisional is treasured as an earnest (though hardly a solemnizing) of survival: "no finality of vision, / I have perceived nothing completely, / tomorrow a new walk is a new walk," he says, and the walk is almost always on the beach, the shore. Ammons rehearses a marginal, a transitional experience; he is a littoralist of the imagination because the shore, the beach, or the coastal creek is not a place but an *event,* a transaction where life and death are exchanged, where shape and chaos are won and lost. And then in 1968 Ammons chose from all these books (except for the indiscreet, revelatory *Tape*) a magnificent series of *provisions,* stays against chaos as against finality, articles of belief, a mastered credulity, his *Selected Poems.* Insufficiently attended to, this book is the masterpiece of our period, the widest scope and the intensest focus American poetry has registered since Frost, since Stevens, since Roethke.

And now we have the new book, three dozen lyrical pieces, mostly no more than a page long, and two extended texts, the erotic experiment "Guitar Recitativos" and the superb dedication poem called "Summer Session" which closes "with my trivia/I'll dispense dignity, a sense of office,/formality they [the poet's students] can define themselves against." A collection necessarily *slight* if measured against the massive accumulation of Ammons' past, yet if we recall the original sense of the word —*plain, simple*—then we can say, with Pope, "slight is the subject, but not so the praise," for in these sudden, attractive fits and starts the poet urges himself into a new economy, a bright particularity of diction entirely *gainful* to his panoply, a way of handling verse without giving up conversation:

> *arriving at ways*
> *water survives its motions.*

The way is enjambment, a wizardry in working with the right-hand margin, so that the line never relinquishes its energy until it can start up its successor. "Certain presuppositions are altered," Ammons announces, talking about the

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look of "summit stones lying free and loose/out among the shrub trees" in the Alleghenies. We are no longer on the beach in these poems, but in the mountains, among masses, solids, fixities, and the problem is how to get moving again. It is the poet's situation, the poet's dilemma, to make the mountain come to Mohammed, and he has started the pebbles rolling:

every
exigency seems prepared for that might
roll, bound, or give flight
to stone: that is, the stones
are prepared: they are round and ready.

Thus the book itself is an account—scrupulous in its details, its hesitations, its celebrations of minor incidents, lesser claims—of how a landscape or a man comes to realize motion, comes to be *on the way* rather than in it. There is, here, a place, then the discovery that the place can be left, then a sanctification of that discovery, its loss and gain. In other words, there are Ammons' three favorite words: *ambience, salience, radiance.* □

The Hero as Zero

JAKOB VON GUNTEN. *By Robert Walser. Translated from the German by Christopher Middleton. University of Texas Press. 154 pp. $5.50.*

RONALD DE FEO
Mr. De Feo's short stories have appeared in the Transatlantic, Massachusetts, North American *and* Roanoke Reviews.

Robert Walser, born in Biel, Switzerland, in 1878, was a writer of considerable talent and wit who received little recognition during his lifetime. Except for several admirers (notably Kafka and Hesse) Walser's work went unnoticed, and until this day is probably known only to scholars of German literature. Indeed, next to the work of such imposing figures as Kafka, Musil and Mann, Walser's prose—quirky, clownish, colloquial and often rather loosely, almost haphazardly, constructed—does seem somewhat minor, but the small miracles he performs are miracles nevertheless, and he should be appreciated in this light.

Briefly, some words about his enigmatic life. A restless soul, he left school at the age of 14, and wandered from city to city, from job to job (employed mostly as a clerk). He wrote three novels—that is, three have survived—a book of poems, four short dramas, and hundreds of short stories and sketches. From the biographical information available it seems that his only other great passion was for taking long walks. While living in Bern, Walser began to show signs of mental illness, possibly congenital, and in 1929, taking his sister's advice, he entered a mental institution. Four years later he moved to an asylum at Herisau. On Christmas Day of 1956, some children found him dead in the snow-covered hills near the asylum. During his years of confinement Walser apparently retained his sense of humor, if not his reason. Explaining to a frequent visitor, the Swiss writer Carl Seelig, why he no longer wrote, Walser said: "I'm not here to write, but to be mad."

Jakob von Gunten was written in 1908, and is Walser's third novel and the first of his books to be published in this country. Although it deserves the attention of serious readers and although Christopher Middleton has prepared an admirable translation and a very helpful introduction, the book has attracted few reviewers. Jakob von Gunten is a young man who has run away from a wealthy home and enrolled at the Benjamenta Institute, a school for boys operated by a brother and sister—Herr Benjamenta, principal, and Fräulein Benjamenta, instructress. From the very beginning of the novel (written in diary form) the reader senses that all is not right at the institute. The students' sole textbook, *What Is the Aim of Benjamenta's Boys School?* sounds very much like a brochure. The boys have only one class, only one lesson (it is always repeated), and apparently only one active teacher, Fräulein Benjamenta—Jakob observes that the other members of the teaching staff are either asle or dead. It turns out that the institute actually a school for servants. The Be jamentas stress obedience and subser ence to the exclusion of everything el —for what else need a servant kno Although the future looks a bit ble for a Benjamenta boy, Jakob can at le take comfort in its inevitability: " . . one thing is for certain: in later life shall be a charming, utterly spheric zero." That Jakob is as delighted by t prospect as he wishes to appear is som what questionable. Walser's tone here, in the rest of the novel, is ambiguou It is often difficult to decide wheth Jakob is being serious or merely pulli our leg, whether he is describing an a tual experience or simply an imagin one.

As one reads on, however, it becom evident that *Jakob von Gunten* is a moc ery of the brooding, intense, intellectu novel of education and inner discove (note, for example, Robert Musil's br liant *Young Törless* written only t years before Walser's book). By the e of the novel, Jakob has not undergo any great change (although he has fou affection for the Benjamentas and is l hostile toward the school). He remai free, almost childlike. His diary, the re ord of his experiences and fantasies, r flections and speculations, has led hi back to his initial picture of himse "The individual me," Jakob remarks the final entry in his diary, "is only zero."

In the hands of a lesser writer, novel with such a thin narrative threa written in essentially simple languag posing few, if any, grand intellectu questions, might easily be a bore. B Walser had the gift of vividly bringi to life relatively minor moments a making them seem unique, magical, co plete in themselves. Walser achieves h dreamlike effect by having his narrat maintain a distance from everyday re ity, becoming more of an observer th a participant, so that the common seer quite uncommon:

> Sometimes all these mobile faces are reddishly tinted and painted by the glow of the setting sun. And when it is grey and raining? Then all these figures, and myself among them, walk quickly along like images in a dream under the dark gauze, looking for something and, it seems, almost never finding anything that is beautiful and right. Everyone is looking for something here, everyone is longing to be rich and to possess the fabulous goods of fortune. One walks quickly. No, they all restrain themselves, but the haste, the longing, the torment, and the restlessness gleam out of their greedy eyes. Then everything swims in the hot noonday sun. Every-

POEM FOR THE MANUFACTURERS

—Think I'll buy me a rifle.
—You gonna hunt hawks?

—Nah, they're gone . I
think I'll hunt the manufacturers of pesticides.
Handsome game, they'd make
great awful stuffed heads to mount
on the walls of my new den .

Paul Blackburn

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thing seems to be asleep, even the vehicles, the horses, the wheels, the noises. And the people look so blank. . . . The tall, apparently collapsing buildings seem to be dreaming. Girls hurry along, parcels are carried. One would like to fling one's arms around somebody.

Jakob's distance from reality, his odd elationship to the Benjamenta Institute he mysteries of which he at first finds npenetrable) seem to foreshadow the elationship Kafka's Joseph K. has with is environment in *The Trial* and, to a reater degree, in *The Castle*. In fact, ad Walser followed Kafka in time rather ıan preceded him, one might very well nagine that *Jakob von Gunten* deliberely pokes fun at the labyrinths of *The 'astle*. For Jakob often speculates on the uzzling "Inner Chambers" of the instite—specifically the quarters of the prinpal and his sister—which he has not een allowed to enter. When he finally oes penetrate the mysterious area, he is isappointed to find an ordinary apartent with a goldfish tank.

Walser, like Kafka, populates his orld with some very unusual people—though Walser's creations are more vertly comic and less grotesque than afka's. Fräulein Benjamenta, for examle, explains to Jakob that she is dying—touching revelation, perhaps, but certinly a very odd one. For why should ıe tell a mere student of such a perɔnal tragedy, and why should she speak ɔ dramatically? But if we are uncertain bout the tone of this little scene (does Valser wish to move us or make us ıuckle?), our uncertainty dissolves when ıkob describes the Fräulein's funeral. ı the eulogy delivered by Jakob's fellow udent, Kraus, the following touching ibute is paid: "When we eat, the fork 'ill tell us how thou hast desired us to andle and manage it, and we shall sit ecently at table, and the knowledge that 'e are doing so will make us think of ıee."

The principal is another rather strange eing. At first he feels that Jakob possess- too much will power and is too full f character. Near the end of the novel, a laughable plot reversal, he asks Jakob ɔ run off with him, for he has decided ɔ give up his solitary life, to enjoy freeom at last and set off to wander the orld.

Despite its delights, the novel, unfortuately, is not without flaws. Often the eader finds it hard to believe that a boy f Jakob's age (we assume that he is in is late teens) could write with such style nd sophistication. On other occasions Valser is a bit too casual, Jakob's ıoughts seem repetitious, and the reader ecomes very aware that an author of hundreds of short pieces is having some difficulty maintaining dramatic tension in a long work.

But the virtues of *Jakob von Gunten* far outweigh its defects. Jakob himself is a marvelous creation—a charming, unpretentious, imaginative young man who wishes to learn from life and is very suspect of intellectuals. Says Jakob, perhaps commenting on the somber Germanic philosophers and writers: "The generations of men are losing the joy of life with all their treatises and understandings and knowledge." For Jakob enjoys life's simple pleasures—running down stairs, visiting a stationery shop, riding an elevator, taking long walks in the city. "The city," he claims, "educates, it cultivates, and, by examples, what's more, not by arid precepts from books." Jakob asserts that if a person grows too self-conscious he will ultimately lose all spontaneous feeling. His comments can apply to pseudo-intellectuals as well. In fact, considering the current passion for analysis, sex manuals, group encounter sessions, and television and radio shows on which exhibitionists discuss their infrequent orgasms, Walser seems downright prophetic. □

The Man Who Praised Folly

ERASMUS. *By George Faludy. Stein and Day. 298 pp. $10.*

ROBERTS W. FRENCH
Mr. French is associate editor of The Massachusetts Review. *He teaches courses in English Renaissance literature at the University of Massachusetts.*

He was born in obscurity, the illegitimate son of a priest, and for more than forty years he read, wrote, collated, annotated, translated, edited—fourteen to sixteen hours a day, day after day, until his death in 1536. An uneventful life, we conclude, the life of a scholar; yet he became one of the most widely celebrated figures of the Renaissance and perhaps the most influential teacher in the history of modern European civilization. Kings and popes sought his support, and crowds applauded him in the streets. He was the embodiment of Renaissance humanism. He was, of course, Erasmus.

The name excites little passion now, but at one time his shadow stretched across Europe, for he was the first to use that new medium of mass communication, the printing press, to influence large numbers of people. The time was right: Europe was hungry for the new learning advanced by the humanists, and a rising burgher class was ready to be educated. The market was there, and the press provided the means to reach it; Erasmus was the man who fulfilled the possibilities. His books were best-sellers, and would be even by today's standards. It has been estimated that 750,000 or more copies of his works were sold throughout Europe during his lifetime, not including his Latin translation of the New Testament (itself reprinted some sixty-nine times between 1516 and 1536 for a total of at least 300,000 copies). In everything he published there was didactic intent. From his study came a steady stream of books intended to promote his concepts of Christian morality; the most popular of these, the *Colloquia*, was reprinted 102 times in eighteen years. No less important were his valuable texts of classical and Christian authors, published with his commentaries upon them. All in all, he satisfied the need for moral guidance as well as learning, and his works exerted a strong civilizing influence. He was the teacher to an age.

The story is told in George Faludy's eminently readable biography, *Erasmus*. It is told simply, concisely and honestly. Faludy does not pretend to have any new information to offer, and he does not try to settle any controversies; instead he

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presents a narrative that sails along briskly through the troubled seas of the age of Erasmus. We are given outlines of intellectual trends and movements, sketches of contemporary figures, and brief summaries of important works (*The Praise of Folly*, for example, is discussed in one page, and the *Colloquia* in two). The author's intent is not to exhaust but to bring into manageable form; and taken on its own terms, the book succeeds admirably. Above all, it conveys a sense of the intellectual vigor and excitement of the time, when new ideas and movements of reform were changing men's minds and testing the powers of traditional allegiances. Faludy stresses Erasmus' intellectual relationship with the conditions of his age, and he shows us what we ought to have known, that in the seclusion of his study Erasmus lived as full and eventful a life as one could wish. No attempt is made to reassess the personality of the man; the famous Holbein portrait still seems psychologically accurate, with its highlighting of Erasmus' long, fragile nose, his fingers delicately clutching the pen, his eyes fixed on the page before him, his mouth turned down at the corners, as though faintly disapproving. The figure seems proud, fastidious, remote.

And yet Faludy finds something of a hero in the man, not only in his own time but for our time as well. It is not just that he was a reformer, though he was certainly that; his *Enchiridion* (1504) has been called the egg from which the Reformation was hatched, and throughout his life he advocated numerous reforms within the Church, some of which have been adopted and some of which are still being urged. The essential point for Faludy is that Erasmus was a reformer of a certain kind, capable always of making fine distinctions and maintaining to the end his integrity of mind. He might begin a movement of reform, but he would not resign himself to following it wherever it led; and when the excesses of his adherents became distasteful to him, he firmly asserted his independence. He was, Faludy argues, "the first man to take the difficult stand of refusing to choose where there is in fact no choice."

The pressures on him were intense. On the one hand, Luther and his followers clamored for his support, and while Erasmus saw much in Luther's demands with which he could sympathize, he saw, too, the dangers of Luther's dogmatic fanaticism. As time went on he came to perceive even more clearly that Luther's way meant destruction, not reform, a cure worse than the disease itself. On the other hand, the Church demanded that as a loyal son he attack Luther and make his allegiance clear to the multitudes who would follow him. He refused to do this, for he believed that the Church was violating the teachings of Christ, and he did not care to lend it his support. Given a choice between two evils, he chose neither, and as a result the Reformers attacked him for cowardice while the Establishment attacked him for heresy. His refusal to commit himself to one side or the othe has been seen by some as a failure c the will; but it may also be seen—an this is the way Faludy sees it—as a tr umph of integrity.

Much about Erasmus has faded wit the years. His causes have been take up and advanced by others; the issue that he brought to public notice have to a large extent, ceased to be issues his long labors as textual critic an philologist have been superseded man times over by the works of later scholars and what would surprise and disma him most, the very language in which h wrote has ceased to be a living force And yet, having said this, one mus agree with Faludy that Erasmus still ha large claims on our attention. He was for one thing, "the first man of the mod ern era openly to preach pacifism an tolerance, and this during a period o general strife, sectarian squabbling, an savage oppression." Such a man shoul not be lightly dismissed.

Furthermore, Erasmus is the kind o man who can never quite go out o date, for he will always be needed. Th attitude he represents—most notably i his greatest work, *The Praise of Folly*— is an attitude which civilization mus value, at no time more than when th shouting is loudest and warring fac tions are most firmly entrenched in thei own assertions of righteousness. It i an attitude that sees into the complexi ties of things and knows that simpl answers involve distortions of truth. I distrusts all claims to infallibility, and i insists on the need for humility and com passion in men's dealings with one an other. It is an attitude of lucid sanity and gentle irony; it sees things as they are, it is not deceived, and while it i intensely aware of evil, it places it faith in reason as the only means t enduring change. Its commitment is t human potential, to the possibilities be yond the tragedy. □

THREATENED WITH EXTINCTIOI

I really do enjoy
women. Almost all are
beautiful. So I want
to roll around them tender dance-
ing tender hugging like
a velvet virile coated
polar bear with peaceable
kingdom inside. But what
am I to do? They smile,
slide sugar cubes in hand;
but grained in chainiron white.
I prance right out of sight.

R. B. Weber

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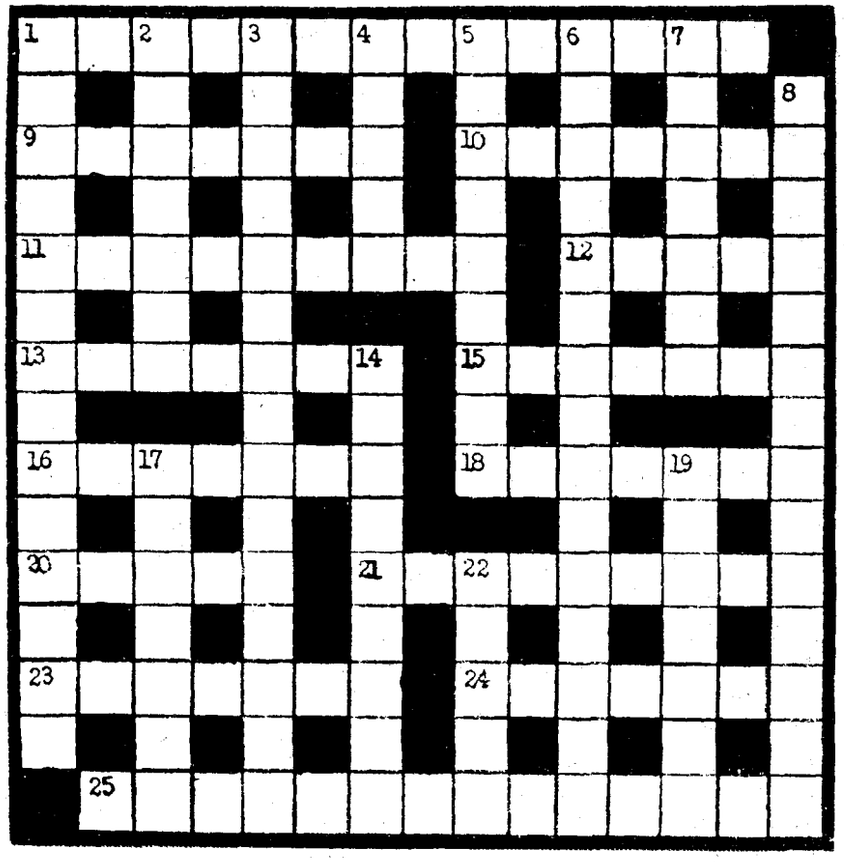

ACROSS

It implies the good neighbor policy is also rented out in doubly bad returns. (4,3,3,4)
1 Evidently this part of the territory was steered badly into becoming a state. (7)
10 Not a comfortable position, even for a youngster reared on rock. (2,1,4)
12 Two thirds of your innings, by implication, should be complete. (3-3-3)
13 You might find him a gorilla, to have the final and perfect stage of something more familiar to you. (5)
15 I get pitched around and hung around. (7)
18 The small organization gets sooner or later a system of rules. (7)
19 Cuts out taxes? (7)
21 According to Simon, up in Italy it's good and cold. (7)
22 Antithetical to love. (5)
23 BC and EF, perhaps, are not complete measures. (4-5)
24 It might be a good point of take-off for the Irish. (7)
25 The tide of football? (7)
26 Always and forever in a different pole, but most people remember the spell of the city. (14)

DOWN

1 Woman Representative? It's what the one who knocks may ask for. (4,2,3,5)
2 A bare half-dozen go into session alternatively, but one can still drop in. (7)
3 Departmental subdivisions? (15)
4 In 3 down, said to be the same. (5)
5 An unsullied upbringing is not to be confused with the cause of such outbreaks. (9)
6 Not necessarily "Who's in charge?"—it might be disallowed. (7,8)
7 Never vainglorious, but it shows what might set off the plot. (7)
8 I can sense a corn might comprise it, according to preliminary survey. (14)
14 A bad day on ship sounds distorted with it perhaps. (9)
17 Its fair beginning involved a light introduction from one of the stars. (7)
19 If something does, it might logically close down. (5,2)
22 Fired about a little over a hundred, but it's legal. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1376

ACROSS: 1 Starry-eyed; 6 and 5 down Portended; 10 Foolish; 11 and 26 down Diamondback; 13 Toddy; 15 Roses; 17 Task force; 19 Antipodal; 21 Lever; 23 Furor; 24 Nocturne; 27 Sanctum; 28 Lobelia; 29 Soon; 30 Knickknack. DOWN: 1 and 12 across Safe and sound; 2 Abounds; 3 Rails; 4 Exhausted; 7 On Order; 8 Teddy bears; 9 Tasteful; 14 Breakfasts; 16 Separate; 18 Salicylic; 20 Toronto; 22 Vanilla; 24 Nomen; 25 Uzbek.

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DILEMMA—RAT RACE or OPTING OUT

Recognizing the futility of the rat race does not relieve us of the obligation to do our share of the unattractive work.

If you insist on being a parasite, aren't others justified in being parasites at your expense?

Why not dedicate yourself to 30 hours of useful work every week?

And refuse to work those extra hours that fools waste trying to become rich or upper class.

There is a theory that reactionaries and their lackies try to keep workingmen down by forcing them to compete with each other for work.

Rather than competing with each other odiously for special privilege, let's cooperate attractively for general privilege.

Some say marriage has ceased to be a union, and has become a contest for supremacy. Where the woman wins such a contest, the man becomes a servant or meal ticket. Naturally a woman will not let her meal ticket depreciate in value.

However, where the man retains some power, shouldn't he convert some of his unnecessary labor to leisure hours so he can enjoy some of the beauties of life?

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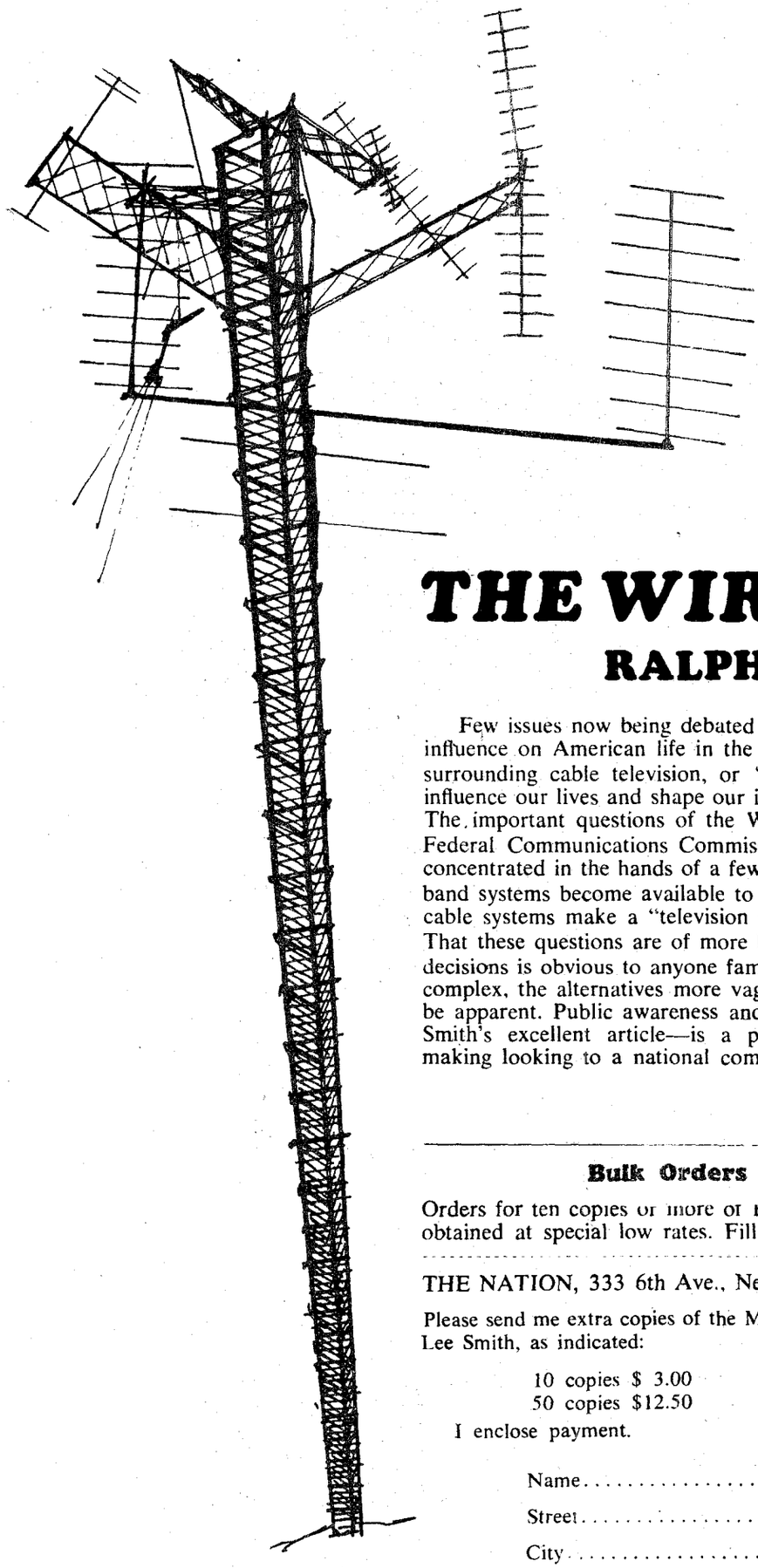

THE WIRED NATION

RALPH LEE SMITH

Few issues now being debated by the federal government have more potential influence on American life in the remaining third of this century than the issues surrounding cable television, or "The Wired Nation." Communications systems influence our lives and shape our institutions in ways unlike any other technology. The important questions of the Wired Nation are now being considered by the Federal Communications Commission. Will control over cable television become concentrated in the hands of a few media barons? Will two-way, switched, broadband systems become available to all homes? Will "common-carrier" channels on cable systems make a "television station" available to all who want to use one? That these questions are of more long-range consequence than conventional FCC decisions is obvious to anyone familiar with the subject. That the issues are more complex, the alternatives more vague, and the pressures more intense should also be apparent. Public awareness and discussion—such as will be produced by Mr. Smith's excellent article—is a prerequisite to intelligent government decision making looking to a national communications system for the future.

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